

QUAD

Because they helped immeasurably to make the intellectual atmosphere in which QUAD finds its existence on the campus, and because they are now gone, or leaving, the editors dedicate this last issue to James Saxon Childers, Charles D. Matthews, Walter B. Posey, and Judson C. Ward.

Spring, 1943



In This Issue

This is the last issue of *Quad's* three turbulent years on the Hilltop. Further publication of the college's first and only effort in the "literary" field must wait for more casual days in calmer times. The Editors, however, hope that *Quad's* suspension as a war-time casualty will not be permanent. They believe that the idea of a literary magazine is good; they hope that these three trial years will make easier some day the job of the next group of students who think that the Hilltop needs an intelligent medium of self-expression.

* * *

During the decade he served at Birmingham-Southern, Dr. Gilbert W. Mead made a lasting contribution to the

intellectual life of the campus. As a Professor of English, he was a dramatic lecturer; as Dean of the College, he made sound friendships with many students. He left the Hilltop to become president of Washington College, Chestertown, Md. His article in this issue, "Whose Hand At The Helm?" was delivered at the annual Phi Beta Kappa banquet here in March.

* * *

Cornelia Banks, who finishes next week her term as editor of *The Hilltop News*, is one of the joys of magazine-editing. She can grind out her brittle, clean-cut copy on a moment's notice; when she hands you a finished sheet the only thing left to do is scribble a type-

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size on the top. A hardy survivor of the rigors of BWOC-dom, Cornelia is a past editor of *Quad*, president of Mortar Board, and a member of the Executive Council. Defying all the traditions which follow in the wake of such a record, she finishes nearly every job she starts. In this issue, she whets her critical knife on the vitals of "Hatcher, the indeflatable."

* * *

Ann Evans has an incredible amount of enthusiasm, and an equal amount of hair. She's curious and wide-awake, and awfully interesting. Her ambition is to paper her bedroom with rejection slips, but even Ann is likely to be wrong this time. Her two contributions to *Quad* this issue take the reader out of Birmingham atmosphere and setting. In "An Evening with Eliza Gant" Ann re-tells last summer's interview with Thomas Wolfe's mother; and in her short story, the first she has published in *Quad*, Ann re-lives the local color of a two summers' ago trip to Wales, whence the Evans' hail.

* * *

Emily Blake looks sweet; and Emily is sweet, with her long blonde hair and her pretty little smile. But Emily isn't just sweet. She has ideas, and she writes about them in provocative reading-aloud material for Mr. Hunt's Advanced Composition courses. Star pupil of the class last quarter, Emily managed to turn in startling short stories almost weekly. You'll find "Hiram in the Moonlight" one of Emily's most startling ones.

* * *

People have always wondered about the bookstore and its dictator, Deacon Reaves. So the other editors sent Editor *Kirkpatrick* out to find out what bottle deposits and secondhand books are all about. Patsy braved the Deacon in his Dive, and came back vowing

that "The Deacon is a Nice Man". Patsy has an assistant editorship on the *Hilltop News*, a Mortar Board pin, the student body gavel, and a very ardent young man.

* * *

You've been in his history class; you've heard his theories on Shakespeare; you've read his stories in the *Hilltop News*. And by this time, you're wanting to know *Ely Brandes* better. A refugee from Vienna, Austria and the Nazi regime, Ely has only been in this country three and one-half years. In his spare time he reports for the *Birmingham Age-Herald*, writes lead stories for the *Hilltop News*, is secretary to Professors Abernethy, Hunt, and Sensabaugh, and manages to know more about American history than classes full of native-born United States citizens. In this issue Ely explains "The Root of Evil" behind Hitler and the Nazis.

* * *

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Mr. Childers is now a Colonel, attached to the Army Air Forces, and has seen duty in England and Africa. Dr. Matthews, recently commissioned a Captain in the Military Information Division of the Army, will report this week to Camp Custer, Michigan. Dr. Posey will leave the campus at the end of the summer to become head of the History Department at Agnes Scott College. Mr. Ward, drafted from his place on the *Hilltop*, has won his commission and is assigned to West Point, where he will be an instructor.

We hope that they will soon return home.

Quad A QUARTERLY REVIEW OF STUDENT THINKING AT BIRMINGHAM-SOUTHERN COLLEGE

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Quad, Vol. III, No. 2; Published Quarterly at Birmingham-Southern College,
Birmingham, Alabama. Quad is edited and published by the student body of 'Southern.

The 1943 Phi Beta Kappa Orator
Poses A Century-Old Question:

Whose Hand At The Helm?

By Gilbert W. Mead

For the initial impulse which may be said to account for this meeting tonight, and a great many more like it in all parts of academic America, we must look back 167 years to the establishment at old William and Mary College, of the first American Greek-letter society, formed for social and literary purposes. From that first foundation, Phi Beta Kappa has developed more than a century and a half of intellectual distinction which early made the name of the society synonymous with the highest scholarly ideal—a distinction which it has always maintained, though the exact measure of what constituted "scholarship" has varied from generation to generation, and has changed as the established curricula of colleges have been altered by time and the temper of society.

In the early days of the last century, when America was beginning to feel its scholarly blood mounting, and was challenging the falsity of such British criticisms as that of Sidney Smith who dismissed America with the contemptuous epithet "that Van Dieman's Land of letters," Phi Beta Kappa more than kept pace with academic development—it did much to lead the way. Its reputation was immeasurably enhanced when Emerson's great essay, "The American Scholar," was first presented as the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard in 1837. Possibly no other of the many annual Phi Beta Kappa essays made since that time has had one small fraction of its influence, unless it be that later Harvard address of Wendell Phillips, "The Scholar in a Republic" (1887) fifty years after Emerson, or Woodrow Wilson's "The Spirit of Learning," also at Harvard in 1909. There seems to have been something in the Harvard connection which was challenging to the representatives of three generations.

I have been curious to know what sort of things concerned the Phi Beta Kappa of a century ago. In 1843 we were still a small, though a growing nation. With the geographical expansion had come the beginnings of a mechanical development which was to mean much to us. Ten years before, the extension of the railroad from Charleston, S. C., to Augusta, Ga., had provided the longest single rail line in the world—135 miles. In 1834, the famous Baltimore and Ohio had reached Harper's Ferry on its way westward, though it took twenty more years to get to Cumberland, Md. In 1842, by eight different short rail lines, it was possible to go from Albany west to the shores of Lake Erie. This was the first rail connection from Atlantic tributary waters to the Great Lakes. The same year, 1842, saw the first connection by rail between Boston and Albany.

In 1843, one hundred years ago, the annual Phi Beta Kappa address at Brown University was delivered by Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island, Judge Job Durfee, who took for his topic "The Influence of Scientific Discovery and Invention on Social and Political Progress." More regarding that address later. For the present let us contemplate that Judge Durfee, who died four years later (1847) did not live to see Boston and New York connected by rail. There was no rail line in the United States to take him from Providence to Washington during his terms as a Congressman, and I doubt whether he ever rode the rails even as far away as New York or Boston in the few remaining years of his life. More than a quarter of a century more

elapsed until, after the War Between the States, one could, by many changes and delays, manage to get from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard (1869).

I mention Judge Durfee's 1843 address as a significant change from the temper and viewpoint established by Emerson at Harvard in 1837, despite the very few intervening years.

The good judge was a man of vision. He described a visit to a rolling mill, where new methods of making bars of iron were being developed. He saw with prophetic eye the future importance of the railroads, which he pictured as stretching across the vast miles of European Russia and Central Asia. Yet he felt it incumbent on him, since he was speaking on a Phi Beta Kappa occasion, to apologize for the introduction of his first mention of these things in the words, "Gentlemen, excuse me, whilst on an occasion so purely literary, I draw an illustration from a thought suggested by an invention in the branch of mechanic art." Who today would deem it necessary to apologize for a mention of the mechanical application of the electron theory to the doing of some amazing modern task, or would omit reference to airplanes or the radio as unfitting of inclusion in the thinking of a Phi Beta Kappa mind?

With a long and prophetic eye toward the future, Judge Durfee saw the importance of the steam-engine, harnessed both on land and on sea.

"It is even now, whilst I am speaking, moving over earth with the speed of wings, walking up the downward torrent, and triumphantly striding over the roaring billows of the Atlantic. Already, where in use, has it reduced the distance one half between man and man, nation and nation, of extreme islands and continents of the habitable globe. It has brought civilization into immediate contact with barbarism, and Christianity with heathenism.

"Unless all history be false, and the eternal laws of matter and mind are nothing but a dream, there can be little danger in predicting too much for the progress of this invention. Indeed, the danger is, that the most extravagant predictions will fall short of the reality. No matter what government first applies this invention to all its practical naval and military uses, other governments must follow, however reluctantly, or cease to exist. Nay, should an unwonted apathy seize on all civilized governments, society would, at length do the work to a great extent at their hands. The progress of this invention is ever onward, and will not cease until it has filled the world with the consequences.

"Already has it coasted the shores of India, penetrated its interior by river or road, invaded the empire of China, and roused the Chinese mind by its appalling apparition, from the long slumber of centuries past. Ere long it shall bind subject Asia to Europe by bands of iron, and the Cossack and the Tartar, whilst feeding their herds on the banks of the Don and the steppes of Southern Russia, shall start with amazement at the shrill whistle of the locomotive, and the thunder of the railroad car, as it sweeps on toward the confines of China. Can the monarchies of Europe slumber in security, whilst the immense Russian empire is thus centralizing and condensing its vast military resources and population at their backs? Never; their very existence must depend upon their resort to like means of defense or annoyance. And from the heart of every monarchy of Europe must diverge railroads to every assailable extreme; that when danger comes, and come it must, the whole war force of the nation may move, at a moment's warning, with the speed of wings, to the extreme points of peril.

"Think ye that the military progress of this invention in the old world is to produce no effect on the new; that the breadth of the Atlantic is to set bounds to its effects? The breadth of the Atlantic! Why, it has become a narrow frith, over which armies may be ferried in twelve or fifteen days, to land in slave or non-slave-holding states, at option; and that power 'whose home is on the deep,' already transports over her watery empire, on the wings of this invention, her victorious cannon."

But his address was not simply (or even largely) a rhapsody on the power of har-

nessed steam. The heart of his thinking was in the effect of these things upon the spirit of man, and on the theory of human government by the mechanic or by the spiritual elements developed by it and out of its consequences. The influence of Leibnitz' "pre-established harmony" is evident. If the judge had read Voltaire, there is no appearance of the effect of *Candide*, which might have shocked his complacent view of the totally beneficent results of Panglossian philosophy.

"But though we may find the cause of human progress in the scientific and inventive genius of the race, still we may question the extent of its power over those institutions that are created and sustained by the social or political will. I shall ascribe to it, on the present occasion, none but the power of ordaining for those institutions their only true law of progress. It prescribes to them no particular form of government; but requires that every government, whether in theory despotic or liberal, should be so administered as to enable the human mind to put forth, in a manner consistent with order, all its powers for the benefit of humanity. It forces upon government, whatever be its form, the necessity of extending practical freedom to all. It requires it, upon the penalty of ceasing to exist, to carry out to the utmost extent, both in the social and political spheres, every important discovery or invention, and thus coerces, by a process of its own, obedience to its supreme authority.

"But what is this progress? It may be a short, but it is a sufficient, answer for the occasion, to say, that it is the elevation of mind over matter; in the material universe it is the extension of the dominion of man over the powers and forces of nature; in humanity it is the orderly elevation of the high moral and intellectual energies over the brute force of passion, prejudice, and ignorance."

Despite this vision of the application of a recent radical invention to the work of mankind, and the philosophical conclusion that accompanied it, the speaker had no appreciation of the true facts of the future as influencing the deeper things of man's metaphysical being. If you had asked him to list the volumes which any of his academic generation should have taken as a traveler's library for a trans-Asiatic trip such as he prophesied (and which in fact was not entirely possible for another sixty years—1906 to be exact) the list would certainly have been a solid selection from the literary and philosophical shelves of any *Doctor Litterarum Humaniorum* of a century ago. It could not have entered his head to do anything else; so, there could be no absurdity in it. Aristotle was as valid in the forests of Siberia as in the urban academies, and Virgil or Horace as potent against the mind of Tartar savages as a Springfield rifle against a bow-and-arrow. In this he was typical of the university man of 1843.

For the purposes of further comparison, I take a selection from the published curriculum of my present institution. It is a part of the study demanded of the Freshman in 1782. Arithmetic is required through the extraction of roots; algebra through quadratics. Then logarithms and six books of Euclid. That was the extent of the "practical" in the Freshman's life. His real duty was Logic with Metaphysics, Homer's Iliad, Juvenal, Pindar, selections from Cicero and Livy, Thucydides, Euripides, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus. Also in the "Books Recommended for Private Hours," he has Locke on Human Understanding, Hutcheson's Metaphysics, Varenius' Geography, Watts' Antology, King's *De Origione Mali*, and many others.

Two years later he had exhausted Longinus, Quintilian, Epictetus, Plato, and for a more modern touch, Grotius' *De Jure*.

Yet this is the generation (if not the actual individuals) best remembered for the Declaration of Independence, the victorious War of the Revolution, and the establishment of the Constitution and framework of the United States.

The following century and a half saw that, and everything it stood for in educational philosophy, radically altered. The very mechanics of daily living had completely changed. So had the educational curriculum. Each generation could see what had hap-

pened to its predecessor, but no generation, except as a very few individuals, either saw what was happening to itself, or did anything about it.

There was at first an unrecognized dualism in learning and its practical concomitants in social life and practice. Even the mathematical principle of duality could be demonstrated, to their satisfaction, in the field of letters; and the substitution of line for point and point for line in any counterpart social theorem was the natural and unconscious reaction of the "progress" philosopher like Durfee, who saw no disharmony in substituting the reality "steam-engine" for the philosophical abstraction "Progress." To him the theorems were still exact counterparts of each other, and the happiness of man was as demonstrably secure as was his speedier locomotion and communication, and by the same logic.

The next step was the rise of the dichotomy of the "humane" and the "not-humane," the basic, of course, being the traditional foundation. The mechanical is considered not as a separate unity, conducting within itself to the speed or comfort of living, but as a subordinate and lesser division of the original metaphysical abstraction. The inevitable cultural lag had not yet begun to be evident, for the astronomical multiplication of mechanical application had not yet outrun the sure, but plodding dominance of the Platonic ideal.

But the Patent Office had more new work in the next two generations than did the University library, and the dichotomy disappeared, to be succeeded by a parallelism, still recognized, of Science *and* Humane Letters, in which parallelism were deeply planted the seeds of dissension. The fruit we know. It became "Science *or* Humane Letters," not "*and*." Instead of a tolerated parallelism there arose debates, rivalries, battle.

In this battle—and battle it has been, despite all the polite asseverations of both parties to the contrary—there has been more hidden hard feeling than open hard words. But the course of this genteel struggle has been clear, and its outcome possible destined from the beginning.

In my own undergraduate days, at least in my own college, the camel of the so-called "Latin-Scientific" course had just managed to get its nose into the tent where the great majority of us were still (unconsciously) traditionalists, struggling with the Greek second aorist as the proper foundation of an education, and looking with some puzzled amazement at a man who could graduate from college without Greek. For better or for worse, I have seen the camel finally occupy the whole tent, and for practical purposes, college Greek is gone forever. The humane designation "Latin-Scientific" was shortly lost, and the Latin portion faded from the picture, and as Greek vanished, Latin began crowding its heels in the retreat.

Of course I am not such a fool as to say that the salvation of the world lay in Greek and Latin. Nor am I lamenting the loss of the alleged "disciplinary" values of the Greek and Latin paradigm. Properly taught, there is as much discipline in algebra and geometry—which lie (or should lie) in the foundations of much of that scientific training which more recently has been straining both to hold the world together and to blow it apart.

So, without wailing in useless lament over the loss to linguistic and grammatical studies of the discipline of the aorist, I trust I will be understood when I drop a reminiscent tear for the passing of certain values which, I fear, were early lost by the ultra-conservatism (or myopia) of scholars who should have known better, but who, in defense of the perpetuation of the "aorist antiquity," were not keen enough to see how they might have cooperated with the inevitable by an early surrender of their die-hard "aorists-for-all" attitude and concentrated some of their effort on getting into the

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The Oaks Will Be Down With The Brambles
Soon And The Greenwood All Untangled

The Boats At Milford

By Ann Rhys Evans

It was only yesterday that Gwil came home and now today he has gone again. It was hard for Mother and me to see him go so soon. He left quickly and with little ceremony, dressed in the clothes he used to wear for hunting or just walking. Gwil went because they need him at Milford Haven; they need men badly and Basil Pritchard has written me from Milford several times that when Gwil came home on leave from London he would have to give most of his time to unloading the boats at Milford.

There is no time now for Basil to go out in his small craft and fish all day—mind, that was his life and not his sport, though, indeed, he took pleasure in his work as no man I ever knew—but his job is now one that keeps him ashore, directing the men to unload the boats at Milford. There was no time for Gwil to go rabbit hunting with Tom Williams or to do bits of carpentry about. There was no time to go walking at Withybush; a rest it would have been, too, from his work in London. Since the time he was a boy Gwil has never liked going to Milford because for many years the trip meant a new pair of boots or scratchy pair of new wool trews. Gwil hated new clothes and I laughed this morning when he went away with the same old plaid scarf he has worn for so long.

Well, Gwil has gone to help Basil and his men and everything is quiet again, now, after supper.

I have just been thinking how often I have come to this gate in the evening, to sit up here on the wall beside it and kick my feet against the soft brown earth of the hedge that encases it.

Not very many people go past here on the Fishguard Road at this time. Just Mrs. Roberts with her cows and the beautiful little corgi that Ivor just bought her at The Dingle, barking at their heels. And then Tom Williams' father, the hedgecutter, just cycled by on the way home for supper. And Rosie Jenkins, with her sister, Huey Pritchard, walked by on the way to Eliot Jenkins, The Lodge, Rosie with a pail of milk and Huey with a can of whitewash. They stopped here a moment by the gate and joked about the fun it would be if the pails got mixed up. They've gone now, laughing and singing, on down the road past the bend in the hedges and I have started thinking about the whitewash we had, Gwil and I, and Eric my other brother. Not too many springs ago it was. On a Saturday morning we had helped Father with the new whitewash for the house and now we sat on this wall admiring our work which made the old walls look new and just built.

As we sat we planned a celebration: a walk on the grounds of Withybush. It was to be an all-day affair with just the three of us. Eric was to be Robin Hood and Gwil was Little John and I was to be a princess they sought. I really didn't look like a princess, my hair in braids, my Wellingtons shining black from the wet grass of the hedge I had been kicking, just as I'm kicking it now. Eric and Gwil didn't look much like goodly robbers either, but then we were young and we saw each other as what we fancied we were.

It was a cool morning and the fields down in the valley, each cut to a perfect size and bounded with a high hedge now blooming with the primrose and the daffodils and the May, the fields below looked exactly like the pieces in the quilts Grandmother Owen made us.

I remember that Eric had a gun which he had borrowed from Caleb and since it was rusty and very old with a curved wooded handle which made it look like a pirate's, he was for staying home and playing ship on Father's sawhorse at the back of the house. But Gwil and I won and we were on our way to Withybush.

It was our favorite walk, the road to Withybush, and we knew it well. We walked about a mile through the timber on Llewellyn Thomas' land and across Eliot Jenkins' field. We came out from the trees onto the broad meadow as beings suddenly released from a horrid dungeon. We loved the timber but it was neither dark like Withybush nor half so full of greenery. And then we knew that the meadow, which we loved, lay before us with its broad sweeping hills and crags, with tiny flowers every place you looked in the Spring; a broad expanse of heather in Fall.

We danced and raced across the field to a group of crags in the middle of the heath. These crags made up the tower of our fortress, an embattled Norman Castle. How many times had Gwil charged up the rocks to proclaim himself victor over Eric and to drag me down in a very unknighly manner as the rescued one. Then, sometimes Eric would fetch Ivor Roberts and some others and retake the castle amidst great cheering.

It was, besides a castle, a weather station; many times on the way to Withybush the rain caught us and we stopped here for harbor and speculation. The clouds were not somber that morning so we went our way.

There was a small stream with thickly matted briars along the banks but we knew a spot where the vines were not so tangled, and the briars were not so plentiful. Across the stream, then, and down the road that led to the Rudfordton Parish Church. The Church Road was very narrow then and the hedges very high. Scarcely anyone ever used the road except on Sunday and the hedgecutters rather neglected it because it was such a lonely stretch. But we loved the road because it wound on and on, and one could always imagine that a knight would appear around the next corner. On that morning in Spring the cuckoo-spit on the leaves was shining beautifully in the sun, and everything was gloriously fresh along the Church Road; we skipped and hopped along as we never would have done on a Sunday.

We passed Mrs. Davies' shop, the window filled with tea signs and penny candy. Then across another field to the gates of Withybush. This last field we knew as Hopping Heath, for it was filled with a thousand rabbits who lurched from their burrows under the hedges the moment one of us had bounded over the stile. Rushing towards one another and for the opposite side of the field, they seemed to us like a vast number of horsemen dashing into a tournament. They dashed madly as we danced about, yelling and laughing. We always made wagers on which hedge's group of rabbits would make it to the opposite hedge first. It wasn't very easily determined (hence it was a popular game) because the rabbits, when they began reaching the middle of the field, often skittered off to the sides. We watched excitedly and then in a few moments the rabbits were in alien dugouts, and the meadow was peaceful again, perhaps with a few rabbits still lost.

Across Hopping Heath there were trees: the tallest trees, the grandest trees, the noblest trees in all England; perhaps in all the world, or so we thought. There were strong oaks which had stood the storms of Winter and the rains of Spring for many a

year; indeed, some of them looked centuries old. In the Winter there was mistletoe in their limbs, contrasting delicately with the limbs' thick crumpled bark that girt them and made them sturdy, for the winds and the rains of the forest would have felled a lesser tree. There was holly too—in December. Father always came with us then to cut a few branches for a wreath or two. I remember that Eric took great delight in climbing a small sapling and shaking the snow down on me. But now in the Spring with the green, green elms and the supple ashes and the others, the forest was a great swath of spring-color. The sky was a glorious, radiant blue, full of white clouds like bursts of steam and the sun was now shining and the coolish snap of morning had almost gone.

Surrounding this green forest was a high lichen-covered wall with great thick-trunked vines spreading over the rocks. There was a space where there had once been a massive iron gate and it was for this space that we raced: jumping, galloping, dashing across Hopping Heath like our rabbits.

When we reached the gate I went on ahead into the woods for the game was to have the boys find me as soon as they had counted twenty cuckoo calls. On that morning the cuckoos were singing frequently enough to make it a question as to whether I could hide myself in time. I ran again, far, far into the woods, among the trees, down the path I knew best.

It was a curious thing, but the moment I was by myself in the forest of Withybush I felt reverent as I did when I knelt with my mother in church and listened to the people around me drone out the great, beautiful words from the Book of Common Prayer. Withybush was dark and quiet like St. Martin's in Haverfordwest and the trees were noble—noble as that church's windows. I loved to smell the ancient wood of the church, dead and varnished, but the smell of living wood was just as thrilling and what church can boast eternal greenery?

There was not a spot of earth in the forest that we did not know, but we each had our favorite nooks. Mine was by a rock under an old bridge whose delicately fitted, decaying rocks seemed scarcely able to bear any weight other than the many leaves that lay nearly a foot deep between the sides. The stream that ran under the bridge was slow and uncertain in its old age and I loved to watch its casual meanderings over the mossy stones and pebbles. From the rock below the bridge I had a splendid view of what I loved best in all the forest: the bridle path that led to Withybush.

Withybush had been the country estate of the Marquis of Milford who had loved the parish of Rudfordton. His family had been held in highest honor for years by the people of the parish. After the war, in 1921, when the estate was abandoned, it was a grievous event for all. The people of Rudfordton liked to have a marquis nearby whom they knew to be the representative of an ancient Welsh line; they liked to have a local squire.

But the vast halls of Withybush were now empty and the forest had grown wild again and silent. From the rock under the bridge, I could see the bridle path that led to the front gate, and over the tops of the trees, through a tiny opening among the branches, I had a sight of noble Withybush itself. I sat quietly and watched and listened to the forest.

The path itself was wide and as gently curved as the old stream. There was a bend in it visible just after it passed over the bridge to disappear among the brambles. I saw gallant knights flying along the path on handsomely armored steeds; I saw fair maidens aback plump white mares. But more often than the others, I saw myself galloping along toward the family cemetery.

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Hatcher, The Indeflatable, May
Be Halted For A Moment, But

His Soul Goes Marching On

By Cornelia Banks

When the drum major of the Crawford County High School Band contracted measles in 1937, the bandmaster picked James Hatcher as a substitute.

Hatcher has been strutting ever since.

He first strutted his way toward the Hilltop in 1939, when, after registering at the University of Alabama, he decided to come to the college to take the 1939 Phi Beta Kappa Scholarship Tests, just to show the other kids how smart he was. Hatch was hurt—and surprised—when he didn't come off with top honors. "That's the first time I realized I didn't have the sense I thought I did," smiles Hatcher, the indeflatable.

But smart or not, Hatcher liked the place. So he stayed. The enterprising lad from Enterprise left National Honor Society and cheerleading and valedictorianism behind at Crawford County High; and moved into Andrews Hall for a four-year siege to Hilltop's BMOC-dom.

Now, at the end of those four years, Hatcher (he soon left the "James" behind, too) is happy. For he has been successful. He has become, by dint of hard labor and unshakable persistence, one of the biggest BMOC's the Hill has ever had. Hatcher has come into his own.

Hatcher's career at Southern started early. He made the choir, because he is a competent musician. Up in Mr. Anderson's studio, he remembered the things he'd learned as a boy soprano and as a leader of Methodist Church choirs back home. He remembered, too, for concert use, the showmanship that won him applause at the age of seven in a Milt Tolbert Tent Theatre that came to Enterprise. Hatcher was showing off even then, with a walking cane and all the trimmings. His clear treble voice filled the tent with "Get Out Under The Moon," and "That's My Weakness Now."

Hatch remembered all these things when he made the choir, which has been his 24-hour-a-day job for four years. By his sophomore year he had risen to the rank of student assistant in the music department; the next year he was personnel manager, though he "noticed no change in duties"; and this year he has been business manager for the choir, another title with no change.

Hatcher's efforts at song got him started in campus activities, but Hatch, fortunately, could do other things besides sing—and he did. The smell of grease paint and the blaze of footlights lured Hatch to the College Theatre, where, he claims, "Mr. Ab typed me from the beginning." Mr. Ab was far from wrong when he gave Hatcher his first pompous role as the businessman who "had heart attacks all over the place" in *Outward Bound*. For four years Hatch has had no trouble playing pompous roles—as the Cockney father in *Candida*, as the attorney in *Trial by Jury*, as Ed Keller in *The Male Animal*, and most recently as "His Grace the Duke of Plazatore" in *The Gondoliers*.

Pompous and overbearing, Hatch has trod the boards of the Studac stage in black, brocade, and knee breeches. He has been a Frenchman, an attorney, a lover, a

father, a duke, a college trustee, and a businessman. But veteran character actor that he is, Hatcher has never been able to leave Hatcher completely behind. A good businessman, father, duke, he may have been; but he has always been mostly Hatch.

Hatcher is a dabbler, but he dabbles well. He has such a variety of activities that they seem almost to have been undertaken with the primary purpose of filling space in the *Southern Accent*, when probably they were undertaken with space-filling only as a secondary purpose. Hatcher's activities are more than lines in print. He has worked hard and consistently at all of them.

He has headed the make-up department for the College Theatre a number of years, and can smooth in grease paint and eye shadow with the fingers of a near-professional. He can manage the choir, from measuring for robes to checking for vacant seats at class period. He has stuck his curious fingers into the publications pie, and come out bloody but uncorrupted. He has written feature articles for the *Hilltop News*, and been organization editor for the annual. He has every week faithfully turned in his "Culturally Speaking" column to the paper, and every week has staunchly borne the editor's scathing black pencil.

He has managed the independent Cat's Paw stunt, and has had a hand in the beauty parade as manager or announcer or sultan-in-his-harem. He has been religious with Chi Sigma Phi, and pedagogical with Kappa Phi Kappa. He has been a oui-man for the French Club as vice president, and his senior year has lent his chest as resting place for a PiKA pin. He has presided Mu Alpha, and has found a place for himself in *Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities*, and in the fall of this year, received the ODK carnation for leadership extraordinary.

Hatch has been an all-round BMOC. His efforts, his time, his thought have been unstinted. He has spared neither himself nor the people who've had to listen to him. He has worked long and hard; and he has received little praise. People give Hatcher things to do because he does them. But people do not thank Hatcher. The only thanks he gets are the ODK key on his watch chain, the lines by his picture in the annual, the BMOC after his name in place of simple "Esq."

"The little Hatcher boy" who once had two city streets blocked off so he could recover from pneumonia, is an outstanding student because he has done so much. But unlike many campus leaders, he is also rather interesting.

Hatcher, you see, collects celebrities. And after he has collected them and their autographs, he writes to them. He asks them how they're getting along and tells them how the college is doing and wants to know what are their plans for the immediate future. The celebrities answer Hatcher's letters. They tell him they're getting along fine and isn't it nice that the college is doing so well and they plan to go on tour next month, thank you. Hatcher and the celebrities keep up regular correspondence.

Six years ago Hatcher had never seen a celebrity. But when he was a senior in high school his whole life was changed. Jeanette McDonald came to a town near by, and Hatcher heard her sing. Afterwards, he went back stage to meet her. And when he came home to Enterprise, everybody wanted to touch him. "Nobody in Enterprise had ever seen anybody."

So Hatcher started seeing people. Jeanette McDonald was the first, and she has stuck longest. The first time he saw her, she made a dramatic entrance from a hotel elevator, dressed in purple from head to foot. The next time he saw her was in Birmingham, and she had wrinkles on her neck. Hatcher felt awful. Eventually, with

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An Austrian Boy Examines Germany
In An Effort To Discover

The Root Of Evil

By Ely Brandes

The question of Germany and the German people and its relation to Hitler is not a new one. We have read about it in books and articles, we have listened to speeches concerning the subject, and it was only recently that the problem was brought directly to our campus by Dr. Shybekey who spoke about it in chapel.

The issue in itself is unquestionably controversial; it is an issue that is lectured on and written about by experts who have spent many years of study in this particular field. I have no such claim to authority; I am not expert on Germany. I write this article solely because I have lived there and seen and observed with my own eyes the very thing that I am writing about now.

I was born in Vienna, and there I lived for 16 years. Vienna, though it is situated in Austria, can be considered as a German city; not a Prussian city, mind you, but a German city nevertheless. There I lived together with Germans of all possible description and variety as it is offered in any big city. Rich and poor, old and young, intelligent and stupid. With them I lived, went to school, ate, talked as one of them. There I gathered my picture of Germany and the German people.

We have heard and read many times that there is a difference between the Nazis on one side, and the Germans, the good, old Germans on the other side. It is the Nazis that have started this horrible war, but the majority of Germans are decent without any desire and aspiration to world conquest. It was Hitler and his crowd that have pushed the unwilling German people into this mess, and today they are helpless. It could not be that those good, old Germans, those industrious farmers and excellent craftsmen, those great scholars and scientists should have any part in this unholy undertaking of Hitler and his crowd.

I believe before we can understand the German people at all we must first learn to drop this very distinction which has been made by us and solely by us.

This, of course, would imply that in my opinion all Germans are Nazis. If we are to include among the Nazis only those who adhere to all the doctrines of nazism, who believe in the entire political creed, as presented in *Mein Kampf*, then, I think, we are right in assuming that there exists in Germany a considerable faction, which ideologically speaking, is opposed to Hitler. But if on the other hand, we mean by nazism their devotion to Germany, their willingness to fight and die for Germany, then I must say that they are all Nazis.

We have made the biggest mistake in assuming that we are fighting this war against Hitler, not against all the Germans, but only against those who are, as we put it, responsible for this war. What we have not realized as yet is that on the German side this war is being fought by the entire German people, regardless of their political beliefs.

It is true that before Hitler's ascension to power there existed in Germany a variety of political parties, which, as far as numbers and beliefs were concerned, could only be rivaled by the multitude of political organizations in France's Third Republic. The views that were represented in those parties ranged anywhere from middle class reaction to communism with all possible shadings in between. They existed in spirit

and in form before Hitler came; some of them continued to exist in spirit after Hitler came, but today they are practically dead. Political differences are of no significance in Germany today, for regardless of the ideological belief that the individual German might have, he only knows one objective, to fight and to win for Germany.

The German people are fighting this war for the glory of Germany, or at least it started out this way, and when events will turn against them, they will fight for the bare existence of Germany. They will do so, because they are Germans, first and above everything else. They are nationalistic to an extreme as it is unthought of in this country. Their nationalism is not mere pride in the glory and greatness of Germany; it is a fatalistic belief that they, as a people, must follow blindly their destiny as a people. When Germany is on the march, they must march with it.

I had a friend in Vienna, a very intelligent boy, who before the arrival of Hitler was very outspoken in his anti-fascist attitude. After the arrival of Hitler, however, he became a good Nazi, wearing his swastika on his lapel with unconcealed pride. It was many months before I found the real reason behind this swift change of conviction. I couldn't believe that a boy, who possessed the mental maturity and the courage which he had, would be willing to change his political conviction as one changes a shirt. But he told me the reason.

"This is not a mere political party," he said. "This is a national revolution; this is the German nation marching ahead, meeting its destiny. What can I, a miserable individual, do to stop this march, even if I should disagree with some of the ideas? There is no going back; there is only forward and one can't even stop to see where he is going."

This is not merely a young man speaking; this, I believe, is the attitude of the greatest part of the German people. They will go on fighting with the same unwavering and unquestioning attitude. They will not ask why and wherefore; they will take hardships and defeats, if hardships and defeats are in store for them. They will take it with equanimity and stoicism as part of the inevitable. They fight as if reminiscent of their own thousand-year-old tradition of war and strife. They live in that tradition which has taught them the necessity of war and its inevitable recurrence. They will die if necessary, with the belief that their children will achieve that glorious victory which fate had denied them and their generation.

In all my discussion of Germany I have failed to emphasize Hitler and his importance in this scheme of things. In doing so I had a definite purpose in mind.

We, I believe, are prone to think that the German people of today are motivated by nothing else but a blind devotion to Hitler. This, again, I don't think is quite true. It was Hitler, of course, who started the whole thing; it was his influence and leadership that united the German people, and let there be no question about it—they are united—but he had to make them believe in an ideal, in a great and powerful Germany in order to do so. Today they still believe in Hitler, maybe, but above all, in that great and powerful Germany. If Hitler should die, I doubt whether there will be a serious crisis as a result of it in Germany. Whoever will take his place, unless he is utterly incompetent, which I don't believe is probable, will receive the confidence of the German people, for the time being at least. He will receive that confidence because he will represent the same nationalistic ideal.

If this is all of Germany, where, you may justly ask, are the heirs to such great liberal traditions as were Schiller's, Heine's and Lessing's, men who dedicated their lives to the ideas of freedom and tolerance? Where is the influence that these men

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Only a Faded Scarf, A Crumpled
Dress Of White Organdy, And

Hiram In The Moonlight

By Emily Blake

Last night when she heard the birds in the cottonwood tree on their way up again, she started thinking. Almost September and she wasn't getting younger. Sixty years since she had first noticed the birds that settled in droves back of the house. Fifty years since Ma died and Clem went away. Twenty years since Pa died and they'd buried him out in the garden on the upslope side, close to the bed of roses.

And all the time, Hiram lived there, too. She hated the sight of his old darky face, the wrinkled creases of flesh that hung about his neck, the bushy white eyebrows, his obstinance!

Well, he was living out in the chicken house now. Old Hiram living where the chickens used to roost. She sat down on the top step of the porch and laughed, shrill and unrestrained. Why shouldn't she? There was no one to hear her.

They'd taken her road away. They'd moved the highway a mile over south and she couldn't hear the cars anymore. She couldn't see the lights. She was dimly aware that her voice sounded too loud against the muted note of the locust. She smothered the laughter quickly, pressing thin veined fingers against her jaws.

She was all dressed for tea. Clemson was coming for tea. She had sent Hiram into the old law office with a note for him. He would be coming. She had tried all night to remember what he looked like. He used to be handsome as a young man, tall, brown moustached. . . .

It was almost night. In half an hour the moon would be over the chinaberry tree by the side of the porch, and there would be dim outlines of light on the grey floor. She sat down in the swing. When she did, shadows of the leaves moved about on her dress and her white hair looked silver with the moonlight in it.

The honeysuckle smell was heavy combined with the locust noises and the late afternoon dampness of grass collecting dew. When Clem came she must remember to tell him about the broken place in the step. He wouldn't know it was there. When he came for tea tonight, he wouldn't know that she was all alone except for old nigger Hiram living in the chicken house.

She had put on the white dress she wore when she graduated from the girl's school at River Bend. Clem would remember it. She had taken it out of the big chest that stood in Pa's room and put it on. It was too big now. The skirt needed pressing, and there was no one to do it with Hiram gone to town. The wide organdy ruffles lay in crumpled folds about her legs.

She humped her thin shoulders forward. The dress was big there, too. She had wrapped the red shawl from New Orleans about her shoulders, and she pulled that tighter. Clem wouldn't see that she was thin. All he would notice was that she had on the old white dress he had first kissed her in, and the red shawl he had sent her from New Orleans.

The night was too quiet. Sullen. For a while she hadn't missed the cars on the road when they rerouted the highway. She had lain awake in her bed for two nights, glad she wouldn't have to see the headlights and hear the horns.

Nobody ever came on the road. It grew muddy and baked dusty. The wind blew the dust up. Nobody ever came on the road. It was a dead road . . . baked dusty. . . .

Is that you, Alma, sitting with the moonlight in yo' hair? Who was it? She had sent Hiram into town with the note. Early in the afternoon she had sent him up to the office to find Clem.

"Come to tea, Clemson," she had written. "We have much to talk over." Late for tea, but they would have it anyway. She would get out the good silver and make Hiram polish it when they came. They would have candles to eat by. Her last money had gone for the bread and the candles.

There was no meat. The pigs went with Pa. Old funny Pa with his white beard.

And the chickens wouldn't lay any more. They'd eaten the last one during the winter.

Alma, there's nobody here but you and me. Move over closer. It's dark. Look closer into the shadows. Is that Hiram coming? He ought to be back soon. Five miles to town, but surely somebody would pick up an old nigger, blind almost and walking with a cane.

"Hiram! Hiram!"

She rose from the swing and walked out to the iron gate and peered down the road. The latch came unfastened and the gate opened. She was still hanging on it. She clung tight, and her toes caught in the bottom rung. Her fingers held and her dress caught the sift of air.

Alma, you're a young lady now. Almost eighteen. Alma, it ain't decent hanging on the gate like a pickaninny. Stop it, Alma. Stop it!

Ma, I'm flying. See me. . . .

You'll disgrace me yet, Alma. What would folks say if they saw you. . . .

I don't care about folks. Do I, Clem?

Leave her be, Miss Veve. It don't matter. . . .

This is more fun than anything, Ma. . . .

Ain't she the pretty one? I swear not a lady in New Orleans half as nice!

Ma, Hiram didn't fix my buggy last night. I went out this morning and it wasn't ready. Send him away, Ma. I want George to take care of my boss. . . .

The gate stopped its swinging and she stepped down. The palms of her hands were red from the strain and her knees were shaking. She went out into the old road and stood in the middle of it looking in the direction of River Bend. There had been a handsome young master there in the school. It was foolish to remember how she had once felt about him. He had been so exciting.

But Clem. . . . Stop yo' horse, Alma. I want to see you. . . .

'Morning, Clem. I thought you'd be at court today.

I can't do nothing, Alma, when . . . Don't be going away again. I came back today just to see you. I told them to tell you I would.

Uh, huh, they told me. . . .

Where were you last night, Alma?

Out riding. . . .

By yo'self? . . .

Noooo. . . .

Who was it? Who was it, Alma? . . .

There's a mighty nice young man up River Bend way. . . .

You ain't been courting him? . . .

Won't say yes. Won't say no. . . .

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Hilltoppers At War

A Hilltop man is fighting today everywhere a United States flag flies over the corner of a battlefield. In this section, QUAD reviews a few of the thoughts these men have sent home . . . thoughts on ice cream in North Africa, camp pleasures in Colorado, and death at Guadalcanal.

The Editors realize that the following letters scarcely compose a page of the story of Hilltoppers at War. These are no more than the occasional reactions of a few fighting men, scattered to the corners of the world.

George Londa left Birmingham-Southern in 1934, a few months before his graduation, for a job as a newspaperman. Editor of The Gold and Black (predecessor of The Hilltop News), he was a student of liberal beliefs who practiced honest expression of his ideas. Before the war he worked on dailies and weeklies of Alabama, moved on to Chattanooga, and was writing for a St. Louis paper when he entered the service.

Dear Doug:

Tonight, having the midnight to 4 a.m. watch, and with all available reading material already read, I turned again to the transcript of my college record. Naturally, after looking at some of the grades, in particular some of those inflicted on me by you, memory returned to the experiences of my college days, especially those that caused the decline and fall of Londa as recorded in the downward trend of marks suffered in your classes. One thought leading to another, and being now a man of action, when one of the another led to you, this letter resulted. All of which, I admit, is a hell of a way of saying that I felt like writing to you all, so I wrote.

Things being as they are, this undoubtedly will be a letter of "I's," but you can reciprocate by doing the same, with an added touch about dogs.

When wah came I was giving my all for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and eagerly awaiting the date set for my marriage to Lynn, a little Irish something I found after she had forsaken the convent and the road to the veil. But the band played Dixie, and gallant allies were fighting on the eastern front, so the day after war was declared I saw my duty and done it.

I had turned down a commission when I enlisted because it meant a job in Press Relations inland, and I wanted action.

Training in those hectic days was a wonder to behold. For three weeks they would shoot us first in one arm, then the other, and then, without any of us having

touched a gun, out into the Pacific we would go.

I was scheduled to leave on a battleship on a Friday. Wanting to get one more glimpse of the refugee from the convent, I wired her to come out. She arrived on Thursday. We couldn't get wed because of a three-day waiting law, so there we were. But a boatswain's mate, without any request from me, found out my situation and came to the rescue. He had my sailing postponed. Thus we were wed in a judge's chambers, with both the bride and groom attractively attired in blue. I dug up a newspaperman and his wife for attendants.

In due time came separation. After a series of errors which had me wind up on a sea-going tug instead of a battleship, I finally reported for duty in an aviation squadron. We left the states, and came to rest in a beautiful hunk of paradise that might well have been given to the enemy without great loss to us. The enemy was pretty near too, and each of us did damage to the other.

There were some thrills and excitement—17 hours in an open lifeboat swinging from the davits of a small craft during a storm in the Bering Sea; almost being sunk on an army transport (we made port without any of us having to swim, although we had quite a hole forward); told to take a later plane a half hour before the one I was supposed to go on took off, and then this plane was shot down and everyone in it killed; flying in combat area as a machine gunner; and all the other things that happen to everyone in a combat area.

Once I went for three months without seeing a gal, and that I assure you is something that shouldn't happen to a dog. I raised a beard that came out in three colors—red, brown, and grey—I have been seasick on ships, airsick on planes, homesick at distant bases.

All these many months Lynn waited

for me in San Diego, most of the time not knowing where I was. Occasionally I would come in for a couple of days, and then shove off again. Finally came extended leave—fourteen whole days, and Lynn and I spent those days in St. Louis.

We left the same night, 15 minutes apart; I for Seattle to catch my ship, Lynn for San Diego to wait again. In Seattle about 16 hours before my ship shoved off, I got a wee bit tight, met a sailor, became buddies with him, and he arranged for my transfer to duty in Seattle. Then I gave Chance another nudge and wound up here in San Diego on temporary duty.

How long I will be here, I do not know. Another three or four weeks at most, is my guess. Where I go from here, I do not know either. If I'm going out, I think I'll ask for aircraft carrier duty. They don't appear any too safe, and it looks like an easy way to get 30 days' survivor leave.

In my wandering I've bumped into quite a few boys from Southern. Once I was mustering the guard, and who should pipe up but Benaugh Tillman, one of the aesthetes during my stay at Southern. He was on a garbage detail. For auld lang syne I rescued him from that and put him to work in an office.

When I was a lad I used to feel that I would like to be in a war, anybody's war, just to see what it was like. Well, now I've been in one, and my curiosity is satisfied. I'll be content now when the other side unfurls the white flag and I can return to mufti and the peaceful pursuits. I want once more to work a five-day-eight-hour-day week. I want once again to be able to tell the boss to go to the devil whenever I feel like it. I want once more to be able to lie abed late in the morning. I want once more to be able to wear my undershirt inside my drawers instead of outside.

I'm considerably encouraged by the

events of these days. I will not be too much surprised to have all this come to pass by the end of the year.

The watch is about up. Time to awaken my relief. Say howdy for me to those still remaining whom I know. And perhaps it will not be too long before I can come by and say howdy in person.

* * *

Martin Kruskopf, TSS 396, Box 549, Keesler Field, Miss. Pvt. Kruskopf was inducted into the army in December, 1942, unfortunately just before Christmas. He spent several weeks at Fort McPherson before being transshipped to Keesler Field, Miss., a basic training center and aviation mechanics school for men who will service Consolidated B-24's—the Liberators. Following three days' basic training, Phi Beta Kappa, Rhodes Scholar-in-waiting, ex Gold and Black (predecessor of The Hilltop News) editor, Pvt. Kruskopf was put to work at the Keesler Field PRO (Public Relations Office). But he got a taste—at least—of ordinary army life. Below are excerpts from some of his early letters. . . .

January 9, 1943.

Let me describe today: We were told yesterday that today, this morning, there would be a review, and that we were to fall out this morning in OD uniforms. So we got up this morning and put that equipment on. Our overcoats too, it being quite cold again. Then, after breakfast, just before we were ready to go out, it was announced that overcoats would not be allowed, and when you don't wear overcoats, you can't wear gloves with the OD uniform. Not knowing the latter part of the order, however, we fell out with gloves, but without overcoats. Outside in the raw, damp cold—but fair, at least, for a change—we were ordered to remove gloves and conceal them somewhere upon our persons. That we did. Then the chap in charge announced that we were to go back in and get our over-

coats, also don gloves. That we did, fell out again, lined up to go. Then our drill sergeant came out and announced that we were to fall back in and don fatigue clothes. That we did; mutiny is outlawed. . . . However, we were close to mutiny; we tried to explain this situation to ourselves; it was concluded that this must be some kind of psychological conditioning—but in our case it had almost overshoot the mark; if an enemy had been present we should certainly have gladly surrendered to him. Many donned fatigue clothes over their OD's. If it had been required to do calisthenics, many seams in good clothes would have been burst. We did finally go out on the field. . . .

This afternoon we went out again to the drill field . . . we were marched over to the "obstacle course," which is about a quarter of a mile long, and is designed to make a commando out of you or kill you—most people come out semi-commandos. Most of us started off as if the thing were a race—that was distinctly an error, as was discovered after running not more than a hundred yards. I will now describe the various items or obstacles encountered. (1) Turn head over heels over a log, onto pinestraw—this is not so bad, but all loose coins and keys are gotten rid of at this point. Next you jump about ten logs about a foot high. Not so bad either, except that all loose teeth and cavity fillings are jarred out here. (3) Jump ditch, opposite bank being lined with sandbags, making footing difficult; ditch is four feet deep and contains mud. (4) Crawl under stretch of barbed wire. Distance is about 25 feet; barbed wire is about one foot high; choice is either eat dirt or have your rump snagged in many places; most prefer to eat dirt. (5) Jump through something that is constructed on the order of a log jamb in some North Woods river—this designed to break as many legs as possible—many bones of pre-

viously broken legs lay all over the obstacle, increasing the hazard. (6) Ditch about 20 feet wide, three feet deep, filled with dirty water of unknown depth; huge ropes suspended across it; idea is to span ditch by walking ropes, either with hands, suspended, or if you happen to have been a carnival star you can walk across ropes on your feet; few people are carnival performers; so they hang across and lose much skin from hands. This is the most comical point of the whole business, for here you can see chaps whose caps have dropped into the water, and most of them instead of going on across and then trying to fish out their caps with sticks, become panic-stricken at having lost headgear and suspend themselves immediately with one hand and frantically try to grasp the lost cap, a good five feet out of reach on the surface of the water below. I stopped here for a minute to see if any would simulate monkeys and hang taildown and actually grasp cap with both hands. None did, but probably would have tried it if I had watched long enough. Of course, the chaps who thus hang by one hand usually fall in and become nasty and mud-drenched. But they must then climb out and proceed to log wall about 10 feet high, this being the seventh item. Ordinarily this would be an easy item, since foot and hand holds are easily procured, but by this time one is quite winded. By some strength one mounts to the top and falls into the soft dirt on the other side, which is not too bad unless someone weighing 250 pounds falls on top of you—fortunately no one of this weight struck me. One then proceeds to item 8, which can be described only as a nightmare; one fervently hopes that this is a mirage, but he stumbles toward it. It is found to be the real thing—escape is impossible. There is a log bridge, narrow and about 20 feet high. One must mount this bridge. The only way up is by rope, with a few knots tied in for footholds; as one most painfully and slowly pulls himself up, these foot-

holds in the form of knots become something akin to paradise. He caresses them lovingly as he passes them and sits on them for a brief moment in ecstasy. Ages of effort pass; one is finally on the top; to his horror he finds the log slippery, but his sense of balance has been made keen and he sits around for a minute, staring at the pinestraw 20 feet below. Finally other chaps attain the top, make the place too crowded, and somebody has to get off. The martyr instinct asserts itself. Maybe you could push off the tired guy who just got up but you decide to jump yourself. So you lower yourself to arms length, crushing match boxes, fountain pens, pencils with the weight of your body against the log, if any such items remain in buttoned pockets. You can't hold the top so you find yourself falling through space, finally falling all over the earth when you hit the pinestraw. Items 9, 10, 11, 12 and so forth are a cinch; they are actually not as difficult as the preceding, and you are now benumbed to pain of any sort, so laughing like mad you dance through what remains, and collapse happily under the pine trees with your colleagues returning with you. Some, shrieking madly, make efforts to rush back through the thing again; they, however, are restrained by officers equipped with strait-jackets and are carted away in rough-riding ambulances to ward 37, the boobyhatch.

Note: Any resemblance between the above description and the actual "obstacle course" at Keesler Field is absolutely correct. . . .

* * *

Frank E. Cash is now approaching his last year at West Point, where graduation, due to the war, has been speeded up. Mr. Cash was an editor of *The Hilltop News* before he went into the regular army as a private, when his National Guard company was inducted before the United States entered the war. Cash won an appointment to West Point through competitive examinations, while he was stationed at Camp Stewart, Ga., as a buck private.

Plebe year came to an end last Thursday after Graduation Parade when we were "recognized," and I'm not too unhappy that it's over. It has been rough in spots. I've had to accept, temporarily at least, much that was entirely foreign to my nature. I've hated much of it . . . yet, all in all, it has been good for me. I've learned much that will be of value to me. The chief is self-control and self-discipline, the main lesson that the whole system is supposed to teach. Besides what this year has brought about in us as individuals, it has thoroughly integrated us as a class. We've all been through the same difficulties. Some have come through better than others, but everyone has been treated with minor differences the same. And the five hundred separate and distinct individuals who came here last July are for all time solidified into the Class of '45 (*this was written before announcement of the speed-up—Ed. Note.*) And while not one of them, I think, would choose to go through another such period, they are all glad that it has been as it has. . . .

* * *

Cpl. Martin P. Knowlton, Hq. Co., Station Comp., Camp Myles Standish, Mass., spent three years at Birmingham-Southern. Then he went into the American Field Service and was sent overseas to join an ambulance unit in Africa. He was in Egypt for a while and then went to Syria and was in medical service there during the Free French successful attempt to gain control of Syria. For extraordinary service under fire at that time, Cpl. Knowlton was awarded the Croix de Guerre by the Free French, the presentation being made by Gen. Georges Catroux, whose name has been associated with recent French military and political developments. Back in North Africa from Syria, Knowlton was with a unit working Italian prisoners. It was at this time that an American Field Service truck in which he and three other men were riding plunged off a bridge in Egypt. The crash was fatal to the other three, and Knowlton

sustained a broken leg. He was hospitalized in the Near East for many weeks before being returned to the States. After recuperation, he enlisted voluntarily in the United States Army and was ordered to Camp Wheeler, Ga., where he stayed until his transfer to the Boston Port of Embarkation, Army Base, Boston, Mass. He served several months there and recently was ordered to Camp Myles Standish, Mass. The following letter was written while he was at Boston:

I did get away from the Army for awhile. . . . I spent most of the evening along the waterfront in the bars that cater to the merchant seamen. . . . Most of the time I wandered from bar to bar, talking to shipyard workers, harlots, seamen, and assorted laborers, but never to soldiers or Navy sailors. . . . Gallons of beer got drunk, but I never felt it. I just felt depressed, and lonely.

In one bar some merchant seamen were holding a round-table discussion of the war, around, of all things, a round table. It had a tablecloth on it—the only cloth in the room. . . . One of them had blocked out a map of the world on it, and war was being waged on every front. . . . There was a waiter, an ex-thief-murderer-white-slaver and dope fiend, if faces can testify, who automatically refilled each glass as its beer vanished. He also kept order. When the arguments waxed too hot, he would lean into the circle and say, "Hey, you ain't fightin' the war, you're discussin' it."

I'm still depressed and unhappy. It was raining, and an hour of rain in Boston can be more depressing than three interwoven rainy seasons on a desert isle. . . . But I'll go back some time this week. I wish I could take a couple of generals with me. . . .

The excerpt from the following letter was written while Cpl. Knowlton was at Camp Wheeler, Ga.:

. . . Just as I am comfortably settled into this war as a combatant, I begin to worry again about taking life. The thrills and excitement of warfare are very nice, and I admit that I do enjoy them, but . . . and again but. I suppose if it were definitely a question of killing to save my own life I would have no hesitation, but I hate the idea of forcing the issue by being in a unit that can so personalize warfare. I much prefer to be an ambulance driver, taking my chances with bullets and the bombs and getting my share of the thrills, but I'd rather not have any weapons for personal use. This is, of course, a thoroughly selfish viewpoint, and in a way extremely unfair. There isn't any reason why I should wish victory just as much as anyone else, and yet not be willing to fight for it in the same manner as everyone else. . . . It's all very confusing, but I find such a state of mind normal. I've been in this condition for a great deal of the time during the past several years. . . .

The following letter quotation is also from Cpl. Knowlton, and was written while he was at Camp Wheeler, Ga.:

As to myself, I cannot give you any light on how I feel, for I am completely in the dark myself. My thoughts and emotions are very tangled, and seem to be a rather vague, moving, cloudy mass. Sometimes a ray of light strikes through, but before it can be analyzed, the cloudy mass has covered up its source. I know I must make myself clear to you as I am to myself, and that's bound to be unsatisfactory as hell. Sometimes I think my struggle is a conflict of intellect and emotion. Perhaps emotionally I am inclined one way, and intellectually another. That I cannot determine. I sometimes think, however, that my sympathy with people and with the various causes of the downtrodden is purely intellectual and not emotional at all. Perhaps you know me well enough to judge. I rather hope you do. . . .

. . . I'm acting as company clerk now, and that doesn't give my eyes any chance to improve. I do regular infantry training in the morning and when all the other poor bastards are out hiking in the sun, I sit in an office and pound a typewriter. . . . I am now calling mail for my company, too. . . . My companions in Co. . . . , . . . th Inf. Tr. Bnn., are mostly from New York and Pennsylvania, and it is rather difficult to call them by name. A fair sampling of the names, copied from the company roster, would include Oschypko, Szmurlo, Zayakosky, Koscinski, Goculowski, Grabowsky, Batkiewicz, Janiszewski, and (take a deep breath) Gniotczynski. I'm afraid it will take a very long and deep friendship with the last-named man to enable me to pronounce his name. I call out the mail and I thank God that he hasn't gotten a letter so far. . . .

* * *

1st Lt. James A. Moriarty went directly into Marine training following graduation from the Hilltop, where he was business manager of the college paper. He spent some time at Quantico, Va., and then, following commissioning, was transferred to New River, N. C., for advanced training. Later he was at Guadalcanal. The following letter was written by him while at New River:

. . . At present I am on the eastern seaboard about one-half mile from the Atlantic. We are here practicing landing from small boats—40-footers—and sometimes we wade ashore from neck-deep water, all of which is very wet. Just to keep things amusing, somebody always wants to flash his hash. (Ed. Note: Marine "slanguage" for regurgitate.) But cured that by making each man bring along a wax paper bag that bread comes in. When finished, he heaves it over the side. Very sanitary and also keeps down the smell. . . . At present am sitting in a pine thicket with a wedge of fruit cake from home and a pint of Ballentine's liquor somebody

brought with him. . . . So all does not go so badly with the armed forces. . . .

Lt. Moriarty and his outfit were moved secretly from New River, N. C., across the country. His train passed through Birmingham on the way to the West Coast, but he was unable to communicate with anyone while the troop train was on a siding within sight of the downtown Birmingham district for two hours. The Marines left San Francisco in June, 1942. They were at sea for approximately a month, not knowing where they were going, but, from all reports, pretty well aware of the fact that they were not on maneuvers. The following letter from Lt. Moriarty was written "somewhere at sea," June 30, 1942:

If ever I have a loving wife and she so much as suggests that we should take a sea voyage in our old age, then is when your paper gets a new headline: Ex-Marine Strangles Wife in Cold Blood. Right now I am some place in the Pacific Ocean. . . . Phooey on the sea. . . . Sailed from San Francisco and if ever I have seen a boom town . . . that was it. Had a week there and maybe it was just as well we sailed. . . . The best part of the whole voyage, in my opinion, is the 12 p.m. to 4 a.m. watch. There is a brilliant tropical moon, everything is quiet, and you can do quite a bit of thinking—all of which leads you no place at all but causes you to realize that you left quite a few things undone back in the States. . . . You have probably received a card from the Marine Corps with my address on it by now. . . .

Lt. Moriarty was with the first detachment of Marines that landed on Guadalcanal August 7, 1942. The following letters, passed by the censor, were mailed from that island.

Sept. 26.

Still on Guadalcanal and wondering how Lever Bros. Soap Co. is doing now that we

have taken over all their cocoanut trees. . . . The island was originally British and all of the plantation owners and managers were British. . . .

Still only one mail since we left the States and am rather in the dark as to what is happening in the outside world. . . . Have seen several would-be foreign correspondents around here, especially the day after the battle. During the battle they were very much on the missing side but when peace and quiet came once more the next day, they came out like flies and took pictures and notes. They sure missed some grand action shots.

Things at present here are rather quiet, still make patrols and dig foxholes. So far have dug enough to get my union card. . . . Well, one must have a future. . . . At present am reading the labels on milk cans—both those in Spanish and English. So far haven't been able to scratch the Jap language.

Oct. 14.

Still on Guadalcanal. . . . Am now hard at work trying to enact the play, "Rain," as the rainy season is just about to get in practice for its scheduled run. So far it has rained every other day. But when it does the best thing to do is get a bar of soap and start taking a bath. A raincoat around here is just so much excess baggage as you sweat to death in one. . . .

Am now battalion demolition officer—some hours later—Mr. Tojo's boys came over and laid a few eggs and Mrs. M.'s boy found himself a foxhole. The trouble with Tojo's boys is that they don't hit what they aim at so everybody has to take cover. They used to come over right on schedule at 11 a.m. but lately have changed and don't stick to their schedule. Very unsporting.

The other day I went on patrol to blow up some Jap artillery. Place was about eight miles from our outpost. Got there and got the charges all placed. Then tried to light the fuse. Wet as mud. The nearest fuse eight miles away. Was my face

red—or how to remain a 2nd Lieutenant all your life. Still no ice or cold beer. Boy! What I wouldn't give for the latter. . . . The supply of Saki ran out about a month ago. Thank God. . . .

Nov. 1.

. . . Am still on G. . . . At present am living in a sandbag mansion blown in the side of a steep hill. Has a roof made of sand bags and quite a few stacked in front. Very cozy, also a beautiful view of the mountains and the sea. This is a very beautiful place—when one stops to see the beauty. . . .

Dec. 28.

'Tis the cool of the evening and I am sitting out under a cocoanut tree contemplating the injustices of human nature. A helluva thing to be doing, but action is limited. . . .

Am not on the island any longer but am not so very far away—by miles—but a helluva long way from the war. . . . There are three Frenchwomen . . . and they are under constant guard, for their own protection. There are also a bunch of light-yellow natives of the half-pint variety but the female of the species is guarded by males who carry very wicked-looking knives about two feet long. Neither side has stepped out of bounds yet. They work for sixteen cents per day. I quit doing my laundry. . . . The place is full of papayas, bananas and pineapples—very good. The natives tap the top of a cocoanut tree and get a potent brew that if allowed to ferment will knock you in a hurry. We call it Koli How. . . . Remind me to tell you of some of the things the censor says no-can-do. It will be quite interesting. . . .

Lt. Moriarty was moved from Guadalcanal at the time all Marine forces were transferred and the Army took over operations on that island. The location of the resting Marines has not been revealed. The following excerpt offers a clear contrast to earlier letters:

Jan. 23.

Am at present hard at work playing the gay young officer—and I mean it is hard work. Another week of all this running around and there will be a big military funeral. Go riding in the early afternoon—fine Irish Hunters—haven't been thrown yet but can assure you it hasn't been my fault. . . . Cocktails, dinner and dancing and then occasional theater, which really stinks with a loud odor. But am about to relax now and take life easy. Have rented a flat and also have a man—great life, and am putting out to enjoy it, as you can't rest forever. Civilization sure is good again. . . . Just got your letter of Dec. 9 in which you mentioned the action of the Boise. I saw that battle from the top of a mountain. It was at night and was one of the most beautiful and horrifying scenes I have ever seen. Gun flashes, star shells, exploding ships, searchlights, and you could see the shells going through the glare of searchlights. It was magnificent but horrible. The battle was almost at point-blank range and in the gun flashes the ships stood out like gray ghosts on pools of ink. . . .

* * *

Cpl. Conrad M. Dendy, Jr., 37 Medical Ambulance Bn., Headquarters Detachment, Camp Rucker, Ala. Inducted into the army in October, 1942, Cpl. Dendy left Southern in his senior year. Phi Beta Kappa-Omicrom Delta Kappa-Dendy was a Quad editor, star in the College Theatre productions, active in all types of campus organizations. Although his campus now is Camp Rucker, and he's Cpl. instead of Mr., Dendy remains as much a BMOC as ever. The following letter was written March 26, 1943:

Be it far from me to bemoan a soldier's plight. That I shall not do. I shall merely condescend to bare to you a selfishly few details of Dendy's condition, sparing you the more horrible aspects. Last week on a headhunting expedition I was treed by numerous black mambas, one of which at

length succeeded in maneuvering around my legs, eventually stripping them off in one fell swoop. As a consequence, I am now in the Station Hospital undergoing the frightful signs of Nazi measles. Each time a new little pimple pops out, it shouts quite audibly, 'Heil Hitler!' I confess this is horribly exhausting. I fear that by now those ominous little voices have set me apart from the rest in the ward. A plot is underfoot to do away with me, I'm sure. But long ago I learned to detect a growing tide of hostility. When the situation becomes frightfully acute, I shall immediately swarm to the latrine and lock the door. Thus shall I reap a double vengeance.

I quite maliciously managed to contaminate not only the whole 37th but the Colonel himself before they cornered me and put me here. You see, we were out on the field, and when I began to show signs of one lousy measles, Captain Kosayda clicked his heels, twirled his mustache, and said: "To the Station Hospital, Humphrey." I tore from his grasp and ran gazelle-like with my sixty-pound equipment into a lovely field of daisies and magnificent red flowers which later I found were the blossoms of poison oak. For two or three hours my would-be captors threshed the field, but my mottled condition enabled me to elude them lengthily.

Even the strongest of us relax vigilance. I was lying in a bed of moss, thumbing casually through Milton, when they found me. Desperation had given them the stealthiest tread I've ever not heard. Thus did they pounce upon me.

By night I was installed in Ward B-7 with fifty other measles. . . . The nurse and attendants just walk around looking bewildered, staring at all the beds, muttering meanwhile, "What the hell!" There has been absolutely nothing done for me until last evening when they poked four CC pills down me. I protested quite vigorously, but to no avail. And besides all that, CC pills aren't even sugar-coated, dammit!

A sheer stroke of luck inserted me once

more with the Army's cream of the crop. There are fifty-one of us in this ward. And what do you know—fifty of us are from the country and have an IQ of 20/20! Isn't that languishing!

When I dashed in from the field, the ambulance was in such a hurry that I couldn't stop by my barracks and had to come over here absolutely penniless. The cherub across from me has a money belt which he ostentatiously hangs on the foot of his bed. Three or four times a day he obviously motions to the wardboy (who only too gladly stoops to bribery) and presses a roll of bills into the outstretched hands, covertly whispering into the Stygian ear something all of us lean forward to hear but which we can never make out. Then he relaxes for a while, humming some gay and careless tune, keeping one eye on the door, one on all fifty of us. Then the door opens and the ivory teeth bring back three or four Coca-Colas and a bar or so of candy. Our cherub sits up in bed and begins to eat, languidly kicking his pink-soled feet while his plump hand hovers over the chocolate bars, wondering just what to do. There's a beautiful hush when he licks the last morsel with relish and turns over to sleep until the next meal.

I shall be confined in this institution until Thursday of next week. . . . I fear that some of my letters might reek of genes and hormones. That I can't help. They are experimenting with my cromatin and chromosomes. Pardon me if my conduct seems unseemly. . . .

* * *

Captain William M. Lively—the same Bill Lively who directed the activities of the Alumni Office in 1939 and '40—is now on duty with the Army Air Forces in North Africa. Pilot Lively is one of the many Hilltoppers who are flitting back and forth over the globe like week-end excursionists. He's been in on the African campaign since the start, after serving during the previous year in the States.

North Africa
Dec. 12, 1942

Dear Folks:

Hope you are getting a little mail from me. There was a period of a few weeks when we couldn't write. We are rather busy here. I've become quite familiar with West and North Africa by now.

You would laugh if you could see me doing my own cooking and washing—I'm getting to be an expert. There isn't very much I can say except that I'm disgustingly healthy. . . .

Dec. 19, 1942

We live just like the Arabs about half the time. Quite often the fields on which we land are merely dressed-up corn patches and if it happens to be meal-time we just drag out the little gas stove, open a few cans and have a good hot meal. I bought some cocoa one day recently, so now we occasionally have the luxury of hot chocolate. Nights we listen to the news from the States (I have a little loudspeaker which I hook onto the plane radios), and then unroll our sleeping bags, crawl into them, inflate our rubber mattresses, and so to bed. Daybreak starts the next day.

Jan. 24, 1943

I am recuperating again—this is my fifth day without any fever, having just had a fairly good attack of pneumonia. It hit me quite suddenly; I was feeling pretty tired one night, but went ahead and flew the next day. . . . When I got back they slapped me in bed with temperature of 104 degrees. I hope to get out of the hospital soon (it is a British one), and go back to my squadron.

Feb. 7

Well, I finally got out of the hospital about a week ago, and look at me now! I'm in a rest home for "worn-out pilots." I'll be back on flying in another week, however. This place was, before the war, a resort hotel. It is situated on the shore of the Mediterranean, on a bluff really, about 50 feet high, with a beach a few

yards away. You have never seen really blue water until you see the Mediterranean on a day like today—completely cloudless.

Feb. 17

I could really kick myself. I sold my little radio to a guy in Labrador because they had nothing at all up there for entertainment, and the other day I landed at one of our more important fields here in North Africa, and who should turn up but this guy I sold my radio to. Also—a few days before my little dog was delivered, I was sent to London for special duty, and was there so long I was unable to get the pup.

April 8

Have had some very interesting trips lately, some of which I have traveled a couple of thousand miles in a day in the same direction. I don't suppose the censor will court-martial me for saying that while on one of these trips, I had my first ice-cream since I left the States last summer. As a matter of fact, the supplies at this place were bountiful, and I made a perfect hog of myself. One day I ate three breakfasts, two steaks for lunch, with strawberries and cream for dessert, and then went to an ice-cream parlor and had a couple of ice-cream sodas. It was perfect. I hadn't realized how much ice cream and such things meant.

Things seem to be going along splendidly here the last few days. We know of course though, that this showdown here will probably only be the prelude to the main performance. I think everyone realizes that. From the news reports we hear over the radio, the little wall-paper hanger seems to be getting very jumpy. Well, I would hate to be in his shoes. The man I really feel sorry for is Mussolini. . . .

* * *

Walter Anderson, BTC #1, Sqd. E, Boca Raton Field, Fla. Aviation Cadet Anderson enlisted voluntarily in the United States Army in July, 1942, during his senior year at 'Southern. He was sent first, as an Air Force private, to Miami Beach,

Fla.; he moved quickly through corporality and sergeantcy as a weather observer at Harding Field, La., where he received his cadet appointment in aerial photography. On the Hilltop A/C Anderson was managing editor of the Hilltop News, player in the College Theatre, pipe-smoker in the Bookstore. The following letter excerpts were written while A/C Anderson was receiving his first taste of army life at the reception center at Fort McClellan, Ala., and later at Fort McPherson, Ga. . . .

July 20, 1942.

Having a lovely time, as expected. So far all I have done is stand around or hide behind trees while the rest of them picked up cigarette butts. The food is good if you're big enough to get any. I especially love the company. . . .

Yesterday I was on K.P. duty. I was scheduled for fatigue duty, but it ended up as K.P. They marched eight others and myself over to the mess hall and presented us with twelve bushels of black-eyed peas to shell. That was at 1:30.

We carried ten bushels around back of the mess hall and started in. At 7 p.m. we were just finishing them when a sweet little boy with the intelligence of an incubated orangutang saw the mess sarge and yelled, "Hey, Sarge, what are we supposed to do with those other two bushels around front?"

We finished shelling them about 8 o'clock. If we hadn't been so tired, we probably would have bashed his head in and stuffed him in the basket with the pea hulls. As it was, we just sat there and threw peas at him and discussed his canine ancestry in detail. . . .

From a letter written August 9 in Miami Beach, Fla.

They shipped six of our crowd out this morning. That makes eleven out of 101 who have already gone. Seems funny to sit here and watch them go, and wonder where they are going, if you'll ever see them again, and whether they'll come out of this thing. . . .

Slowly but surely I am beginning to realize that I am in the army. It's not the uniform or the drill or the discipline that makes me realize it. It's rather these lectures we get. They tell us the different kinds of poison gas and the effects of each one. They make us run through swamps and water holes and fall on our faces now and then, as we would when advancing against the enemy. In fact, they act like we're going to fight somebody. . . .

I danced with a woman last night. She was the first one I'd even spoken to since I left McPherson. She was with a friend of my roommate's, and you should have seen the wolves crowd around. Of course, she was 32 years old, and if you looked close, she was wrinkled like a prune, but we were in a night club, and the lights were low, so it wasn't too noticeable. She called me "Professor" and wanted me to come over and teach her English some night. Big impression, hm? . . .

I'm loafing today. I'm on shipment. We'll leave tomorrow morning. They issued us another uniform and a gas mask this morning. The more I look at that gas mask the more unhappy I get. . . .

With corporal's chevrons still new, Anderson experienced his first Army Thanksgiving:

I wish you could have been here for Thanksgiving dinner. It was quite a spread. Didn't know the boys could cook like that. Turkey and all the trimmings. Two kinds of pie—as much as you wanted —, angel food cake, and on into the night. Of course, to impress the guests, they served the meal on our next week's sheets converted into tablecloths for the occasion. . . .

Feb. 2

Yesterday was very embarrassing. Everyone else got paid. I just slunk along in the shadows, drooling slightly as I watched the lugs fingering a fistful of tens. . . .

Feb. 26

The boys out in the main bay of the barracks are indulging in a little orgy

they've invented. This place is alive with cockroaches. When I come in late at night and turn on the light in my room, it looks as though the floor is crawling. Well, last night a particularly ambitious little cockroach crawled into one of the boys' ears and began browsing around. So the guy captured him in his mess kit, and now they are getting ready to give him the works. They have a race down the length of one of the footlockers between this cockroach and another one. If the culprit wins, he is turned loose. If he loses, he is promptly eradicated. Goes back to the old Romans or something. . . .

* * *

Cpl. Nora Savio was inducted into the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps in the Fall of 1942. She was sent first to Des Moines, Iowa, for her basic training, where she learned to keep in step, and later to Kansas City, Mo., for specialized training in radio operation. Now ex-Phi Beta Kappa Savio is sending and receiving—at 25 words a minute official minimum—at Fort Worth, Tex.

The following letter quotation was written from Tarrant Field, Fort Worth, Tex., May 3:

Got here last Saturday. . . . We were on a troop train, passed through southern Alabama on the way out. Alabama still does things to my blood. . . . Everyone on the post has been extra special nice to us. This air base was opened only last year and compared to the 155 Waacs here, the men really do outnumber us. However, I'm not kicking. So far we have been restricted until all details have been taken care of. I have had my picture taken so many times. In two of them I am posing with a Cpl. from Chicago, taking the earphones from him to show that I as a radio operator am relieving him for active duty. He is a nice chap and I had to look into his eyes to make the scene seem more natural. It was okay by me. But I was the only Waac there and what with an audience of enlisted men and officers,

I found it rather hard to do. They all left their jobs to come and watch us. They haven't become accustomed to seeing us. When we march to mess, you should see them gather outside their barracks and the cracks they do make—!

Tonight will be our first time to eat in our own mess hall. We have been eating with the boys. The food they piled on our trays! I think they did it on purpose just to watch the expressions on our faces. And I don't think I could ever get used to so many male eyes watching me eat, and worse still, watching me trying to drink coffee very daintily out of a soup bowl. . . .

* * *

Pvt. Richard Blanton joined the Army Air Forces after graduation from the Hill-top in 1942. After training at Lowry Field, and later at the Army Air Base, Colorado Springs, Colo., Blanton was assigned to a Photo Compilation Squadron, where he is occupied by dropping perpenduculars from the horizon to a projection of the focal length, manipulating intersecting lines and planes, and attempting to make over the AAF's system of map-making from aerial photographs. The following letter excerpts were written while Pvt. Blanton was at Colorado Springs:

. . . Headquarters put us through thirty days' infantry training in three days, a most remarkable feat in view of the fact that it had never been done before. The last day we went onto the rifle range to shoot for record. That's required. It was below zero most of the time, and viciously driving snow and sleet obscured the targets rather effectively so that we had no little difficulty. . . .

In spite of all that, I lacked only 14 points to qualify for marksman. If I could have felt the trigger of the blarsted rifle I could have done lots better, but my trigger finger had been frozen several hours

before, and I didn't even know its approximate position in relation to my hand. Gad! I have never experienced such a hellish day. I lie awake at night and pity those poor Russians who have to shoot at small Nazis in weather like that.

They had us on alert for shipment for two weeks in Denver, and finally threw us into this hell-hole. We sleep in little folding cots in barracks with no central heating, the wind blows incessantly, and the six or eight inches of dust covering the landscape is brought firmly through the windows and into everything, even the crevices in my teeth. . . . I strike me as being a peculiarly funny object just now. The others are moaning 24 hours a day, and a couple of them, possessed of senses of humor like mine, join me in making cracks at the whole mob. That part of it I enjoy. . . .

I vent my spite on poor waitresses and girls behind counters who quiver with indignation and wonder who that crazy babbling idiot might be . . . he must hate women. "No, my deah, I don't hate women at all. I love them (spell love with six o's). I would like nothing better than to take all the women in Colorado in my arms and squeeze them until they are pleated, like a flock of accordions."

I shan't be very unhappy here. No more, I suppose, than I have been since I came into the army. The mountains are as beautiful and as ugly as ever. There is such a terrible red ugliness about them that you think them beautiful. Pike's Peak leans over us, all red and blue and muddy dark green with fingers of snow claspings the top. During the day I'm hot and during the night bitterly cold. . . . Colorado has wild and lovely scenery, but it isn't the cozy kind I love, the kind that nestles comfortably about the earth and makes no effort to be tremendous. I shall be very happy to see Alabama again. . . . (Ed. Note: Pvt. Blanton is now in action overseas.)

And Here Was Eliza Speaking To Me,
Money-Wise, Property-Wise Eliza

An Evening With Eliza Gant

By Ann Rhys Evans

I had found the name in the Asheville Directory, as indistinguishable as the others, yet when I did see it, the words, "Mrs. W. O. Wolfe . . . Spruce Street," seemed printed in green; they jumped from the page and I was excited.

The lights and dazzle of sprawling, formless Pack Square went suddenly as I turned down the solemnly quiet, dark walk of Spruce Street. It was as if I had gone from a brilliantly lighted room into a dim, cold hall.

Asheville citizens had described Thomas Wolfe's house for me and the writer himself had written: ". . . *This (W. O. Gant's) strange house grew to the rich modelling of his fantasy: when he had finished he had something which leaned to the slope of his narrow uphill yard, something with a wide embracing porch . . . he built his house close to the quiet street; he put a spiked fence between his house and the world.*" And suddenly there was this house at my left and by a dim street light I could see its huge, rambling structure.

The suddenness of its appearance made me somehow afraid and I withdrew into the shadows again and I listened to the voice of Helen when Ben was dying: ". . . *Did you see that sweater she's wearing? Did you see it? It's filthy! Did you know that he can't bear to look at her? She came into the room yesterday and he grew perfectly ill. He turned his head away and said, 'O Helen, for God's sake, take her out of here! You hear that, don't you? Do you hear? He can't stand to have her come near him. He doesn't want her in the room. Do you think I can forget the way she's acted? Do you? . . . She's let him die here before her very eyes. Why, only yesterday, when his temperature was 104, she was talking to old Doctor Doak about a lot. Did you know about that?'*" And again I was afraid, for this would be the woman I would talk to: this Eliza Gant.

But I walked out of the shadows again, as out of the pages of *Look Homeward, Angel*, and up to the gate to the tune of "Eliza Gant . . . Mrs. Wolfe . . . Eliza Gant . . . Mrs. Wolfe." Iron clanged on iron and I was walking on the flagstones which led to that "wide, embracing porch."

Above the porch hung a pine shingle with "My Old Kentucky Home" in crooked letters. This surely was the prototype not only of the Gant home but of "Dixieland" too.

Onto the porch then.

"Mrs. Wolfe?"

And a small head moves slowly and a shy little voice says "yes" in a questioning way. So this is Eliza Gant: well, no pursing of lips, no hands officiously folded on apron . . . just a quiet little woman on a peaceful porch.

"Yes?"

This time, perhaps a bit strident.

There are introductions and I say quite feebly, "Mrs. Wolfe, I wonder if you'd just talk about Tom for a bit." Asheville people said she loved to talk about "Tom" and I waited in the quiet for her to begin.

She sat there, the mother of Thomas Wolfe, her hair in an old silk stocking, her hands in the lap of a long black and white flowered dress, her tired feet in old black shoes and black cotton hose. Her small face was sad and wan but not mean or hard; her dim eyes stared from behind black shell-rimmed glasses.

She didn't say anything for a while and then there began a series of apologies: she had been cleaning and she hoped I would forgive her appearance. And then, with no transition, and no chance for me to say a thing in return to her apologies, she was suddenly saying, "So you want to hear about Tom; I suppose you've read all his books?" And I had to say no; only the first and the last, a collection of miscellany. But she talked as if she had not heard me; she spoke to someone beyond me and I, the casual caller, was only posing questions, questions that gave this woman a chance to speak of her son who had spoken of her to the world.

She spoke with great fondness, with idolatry, with reverence and love, and she talked in a lively manner. All evening I had in mind Wolfe's characters and once I said, "'Gene' instead of 'Tom.'" She was happy to talk of his boyhood, of his fanatical reading; books from the library, all the books from the family shelves: Stoddard's *Lectures*, all histories . . . all books. " . . . *at the library he ravaged the shelves of boys' books, going unweariedly through all the infinite monotony of the Algers. . .*"

And he was a good scholar as well as an industrious reader. There was the time when the members of his class were to write essays on great authors and Tom wrote on Shakespeare and won the prize with a beautifully written piece. And then, the wonderful fantasy. When he was fourteen Tom wrote of a sky ship floating over a New York of towers and spires. The ship was a mighty thing and the year was 1952. " . . . *good old Bruce-Eugene.*"

She rocked back and forth and talked of the years at college, Chapel Hill ("Pulpit Hill") and then Harvard. Professor Baker was god-like in her sight and she praised him for some time. He had written her that Tom had talent, that he would probably turn out to be something of the calibre of Eugene O'Neill and the others whom Baker had fashioned. But Tom's plays were never plays; they were novels on the stage. "One called for a cast of one hundred; or was it one hundred and fifty?" This, his mother says with a small laugh. "I remember Tom was utterly unconscious of the demands he was making on a producer." And of the demands he later made on his readers, I dared to think to myself. She said, "I asked him one day what had happened to a play he had shown me once. He really winced and said that he had never gone back to it but that he would; and of course he never did."

She spoke proudly and defiantly, as if she had been challenged, of Tom's definite plan for the writing he was to do. He was formulating it when he was still in college and he wrote his mother about it in a letter which Edward Aswell predicts will be one of the great pieces of documentary literature to be seized by future students of Wolfe. "Why, land's sake, when he was scarcely twenty years old he wrote me of the whole scheme of things." This she said with bantering gusto.

Yet there was more than gusto here; there was great pride and understanding. This woman, Mrs. Wolfe, who outwardly was surely Eliza Gant, was speaking as a confidante of her son, as a person who had understood him, and, in understanding him,

had won respect and love. Eliza Gant never elicited such love either from Eugene Gant, Wolfe's prototype, or from the self-intrusive author: Wolfe again.

It was a perfectly obvious paradox, yet I found myself disappointed at not finding Mrs. Wolfe to be Eliza Gant, through and through. But the joy of the discovery was, contrary to my former beliefs that Wolfe did not write with artistry and careful selection, he was not simply a reporter, but an editor who combined and supplemented incidents and characters.

The evening's conversation was not done. She asked me into the house to see portraits and snapshots of the family. Down a cold, drafty hall and the apologizing begins again. She succeeds in unlocking the door to a pseudo-sunroom. There are several chairs and sofas, a piano, a round table with a dim light on it. Everything rather dusty and covered with magazines and knick-knacks. From some spot near the tall, narrow windows she draws a folder and lays it on the table, bends over it and with tired eyes peers at a few which she sets out gravely. It is a solemnity for her since many pictures are of members of the family long dead or just recently gone.

Here is Ben Wolfe: pale, ghostly.

"Oh rare Ben Gant! When shall we see so rare again!"

Here is Grover, his twin brother who died as a child. There is Fred Wolfe who stutters as violently as Luke Gant, or so the report goes. There is Mabel Wolfe, counterpart of Helen, doubtlessly. And Effie is here from *Of Time And The River*. Then there is a group picture of the family on the porch which looked exactly as it had that evening when I sat on it, even to the sign above the steps. Tom is there, leaning against the post at the corner, a boy's smile on his dark, mature face. And here is old Mr. W. O. Wolfe standing proudly in his daguerreotype, his derby resting proudly on his arm, mustaches drooping sadly, a tall, gaunt man.

"... the waxen blade of his nose looked like a beak. He had long brown mustaches that hung down mournfully ... a gaunt, scarecrow Yankee."

Then in another stance in front of his place of business: W. O. Wolfe: Tombstones, Monuments and Cemetery Fixtures.

"... a little shack at one end of the town's public square, a two-storied shack of brick with a wide wooden stair leading down to the square from a marble porch..."

It was from this shack that Eugene Gant had looked upon the Square that night Ben's ghost came to him. It had been in this shop that he saw *"the angels walking to and fro like huge wound dolls of stone, the long, cold pleats of their raiment ringing with brilliant clangor."*

And there he stood, W. O. Wolfe—W. O. Gant—in front of his shop. In a moment he may raise his hand and lick his thumb.

"Mr. Wolfe owned and operated this business until he sold it: of course, I didn't want him to sell."

Now here was Eliza speaking to me! Money-wise, property-wise Eliza! I was startled and began to feel again as if I were reading instead of listening.

There were stacks of pictures of Tom in the folder. Young Tom in a new suit of tweeds, his foot on a chair, proudly posed with a collegiate air. Tom on his last journey in the West. The car is stalled, and he is helping to push. Tom towers above all others in a group picture. ("He was six feet six, you know.") Tom stands in a field bending his chin a bit to a shaving brush-like weed; there is a misleading, healthy grin on his face.

Then Mrs. Wolfe came upon a picture of the tombstone erected above the grave of Thomas Wolfe with a proclamation of the virtues of the noble tenant of the ground beneath (with the inscription written with just such words as that). The sight of the grave hastens the narrative which Mrs. Wolfe has begun of the Western Journey, of the final sickness, the fever, the sinking and the reviving, the doctors and their futile efforts, the last minute journeys to the death bed, the hoping and the praying . . . and the death.

" . . . she liked to take her time and she came to the point after interminable divagations down all the lane-ends of memory and overtone, feasting upon the golden pageant of all she has ever said, done, felt, seen or replied with egocentric delight."

And reverent delight. Droning on and on and on, detail on detail; how the Wolvians I know would have loved it! Again and again I told myself how thrilling this was to hear the account of a great man's death; yet it was never anything but a doting mother bemoaning an adored son. She was finally through the long, long narration, occasionally told with bitterness but more often with an old woman's sense of resignation.

But there were a few more pictures in the folder: a number of dramatic poses of Wolfe in the years directly preceding his death, magnificent studies of his powerful features, dark shadows cast on brooding eyes, pouting mouth. His mother handles them with great care and comes back repeatedly to one with a happy glint about it. She hates the painting I mentioned, the one in which he is sitting forward with a great paw of a hand on his knee. "It just isn't Tom."

The pictures are put away and she talks of choosing some to be in her book of his letters to her. Then abruptly, the folder is closed and she talks of having to repair the locks on the windows; there was some scare of burglars recently; she shows me the wires which Ted Malone had used for his broadcast from that room. They are still tacked along the sills.

The thrill of the first few moments with Mrs. Wolfe came back to me as we left the sunroom by way of the parlor. It was a high-ceilinged room with pictures hung high up by the molding, pictures in huge frames, oval and square, mahogany and walnut. Tom in a black sailor suit, swarthy face and black curls; the other members of the clan at early ages and in dowdy marriage dress; Mrs. Wolfe as a young woman. As she passes the picture of her youthful self: "Tom looked like me."

There on the piano too, as in many a home, a photo of the favorite son. This the one of Wolfe you see in book reviews: his eyes glaring and wide, his mouth set firm in a kind of pout. Wolfe on the piano—a jolt there! There on the piano, not because someone in the house is a "fan", there because people in this house knew and loved him and were of his blood and flesh.

Out onto the porch again and she asks again where I am from and at the mention of such distance she thinks of the places she has gone and tells me of her trips to New York. The Carolina wind blows down cold from the hills, but the old woman stands on the porch and seems unwilling to stop her droning talk. She is speaking of Tom again: "Yes, he would have written even if he hadn't gone to Harvard; writers are born, not made. . . . Tom was a genius." Trite Eliza.

Then to leave the old woman I have known tonight: down from the old porch with the swing where Eugene Gant used to sit with the boarders . . . the lush women boarders . . . down to the black, quiet street.

I scarcely can see Mrs. Wolfe go back to her rocker.

His Soul Goes Marching On

(Continued from page 12)

the aid of Lily May Caldwell at the *Birmingham News*, Hatcher acquired Jeanette and husband as sponsors for the college choir.

Hatcher writes to Jan Pearce and Helen Jepson, too. "Jeanette and Helen are the two swellest people I know," says Hatch. He likes them because some day he hopes to be a celebrity, too. Also, once he started celebrity-collecting, it got to be a habit. Now Hatcher can't stop, especially since he is head of the Birmingham-Southern ushers and has to handle all "back stage business" which seems to include suppers with stars at downtown cafeterias about midnight, and acquisition of agreeable sopranos as Mu Alpha or choir sponsors. Hatcher does all right by his celebrities.

Really, when you come right down to it, Hatcher does all right by nearly everything. During four years in college he has managed to mix grease paint and librettos, by-lines and beauty parades, Jepson and an ODK key. Hatcher has been indeflatable, irrepressible, at times quite unbearable. But he has also been quite unforgettable. It must be admitted that the little Hatcher boy made good.

Whose Hand At The Helm?

(Continued from page 7)

souls of their students by some other method the idealisms of Plato, the power of Socrates, the eternal and universal catharsis of Greek tragedy, the human social satire of Aristophanes, the universality of the Homeric men and women, the idyllic beauty of Theocritus, the clean-cut gem-carving of the Greek epigrammatists, the wild lyricism of Sappho. But, no!—The alien foot of a mere science student must not be permitted to profane that arcanum—and after a generation of crying "Greek literature for the aorist initiate only!" the grammarian-teacher, noble man that he was, died unconquered and often misunderstood.

(I remind you at this point that Job Durfee felt it incumbent upon him to apologize for mentioning steel mills and railroads "on an occasion so purely literary," which, of course, means in the midst of a "literary," that is a University-educated company.)

And so, to complete the Hellenic allusion, Archimedes conquered the aorist, and the first and most important round of the battle was over. *Vae victis!* I still believe

that my friends and master, the grammarian-teachers, unwittingly conspired in their own extinction from the academic scene.

The history of mechanical and scientific development in America and elsewhere during the past century is presumably known to all. The innermost fibers of our lives have, during the years of this amazing change, taken on some sort of a "set" from the influence of what, in Judge Durfee's day, were still the rudimentary beginnings of the scientific and mechanical arts of which he spoke. Every familiar object in this room, visible or tangible, recalls this power to your mind.

I wonder whether this audience, or any audience like it, in America today could be so clear on the history of the human mind, and of its changed abstractions in a similar period of time. Is it not true that as the physical in human life usually precedes the mental, or the spiritual, so in all our thinking, a knowledge and appreciation of, and a dependence upon the developments and the application of the machine, takes first place over our consideration of the metaphysical concepts which a study of history and philosophy would reveal to us?

The philosophical conclusion reached by the speaker in 1843 was that human progress under an expanded mechanical civilization was inevitable, because such mechanical growth made even clearer the pattern of a superior intelligence whose benign intervention and direction would cause all these amazing new things to conduce to the betterment and benefit of mankind.

At this distance it is difficult to agree with that point of view. Along with comfort, increased communication and travel and expanded human contacts, have come newer and more deadly ways of warfare, which in the hands of men devoid of the humane ideal have made war easier and more deadly. The electron microscope and the latest submarine are both products of the same technological advance. From which—if from either—will come the ideal of peace and justice which we hope to have established before we die?

It is not too long nor too fantastic a jump from the decline of the classical curriculum to the excessive pre-dominance of the mechanical in the lives of the generations which have grown to maturity since my own undergraduate days. There has been a great deal of speculation on the problem, best expressed in the question, "Man or Machine?", at all levels, from the daily jobs of living, to the realms of the metaphysical. The problem has not yet been resolved. In my own life, I would not substitute a Greek verb for my telephone, nor any paradigm, however involved, for the radio or the airplane. That, in a material way. In the realm of the spirit which dominates man, however, I feel differently. My conviction still is, that in the realm of the arts—the humane studies, if you prefer the phrase, lies the soul under which we as a people and a civilization learned the lessons of life; and from that spirit again we must draw the ideals which will save us from spiritual and political stagnation in the part we are being forced to play in the global strategy of civilization's restoration.

Nothing could possibly be more stupid of me than to call for a return to the dominance of the aorist in our education and our thinking. That would be as foolish as calling for a return of all our living to the pre-horse and buggy days—the abolition of the radio, the telephone, the airplane, the steam engine. There was war and savagery even before these things came into our lives. Their abolition would not pacify man nor temper his tendencies to brutality and injustice. These are human failings which exist outside the problem of the mechanical trappings in which ingenious man has clad himself, the better to kill in war times, and the better to live materially in peaceful days.

It is exactly here that I must put in my strongest plea for the continuance of those studies called liberal. True, the humanities must inevitably suffer in these days of war. Educational plants must become training centers primarily for those who are to be specialists in the techniques by which the enemy is to be defeated, and our civilization preserved to us. Our Secretary of War has spoken of the necessary "dim-out" of liberal education for the duration. We would fear the results on our life and philosophy for a generation or more to come, if that were to become actually a "black-out."

The war must be fought to a victory. Everything that science and technology can contribute must be mustered to that end. Everything that the colleges and universities can do to speed the happy day of a victorious peace must be done. But, the mind must rule the machine, and the spirit of man must not be subject to the eternal rule of a civilization predicated on the supremacy of the mechanical devices which science will continue to press to perfection.

It is impossible to argue ideals with a bandit when he is preparing to shoot you and rob you of your goods. You cannot temporize with him by opening a debate on the good, the true, and the beautiful. When you have sufficient advance warn-

ing of a burglar's plans to rob you, or of an arsonist's intention to burn your home, his force must be met and overcome by your force. At this point a gun is superior to a volume of Plato. You must make strong and intelligent preparation to defend yourself, not by Socratic dialogue, nor a discussion of Kant and Spinoza, but by the only answer he can recognize—the appeal of superior mechanical force, successfully applied. When he attacks, you must meet his force with yours until he is utterly routed; otherwise he will return again and again until his purpose is accomplished, and your storehouse of literature, philosophy, art, and religion lies in ashes. The salvation of the humanities in this way depends upon their defense by the things which at first view seem most alien to them.

In the international field the analogy holds. We have surely had notice enough of the Nazi's plan to rule the world by terror and force, and to destroy any nation or any individual who opposed them. The megalomaniac dream of domination, whether arising from the warped mind of a Hitler or a Mussolini, or from a religious fanaticism engendered by power-hungry war-lords, as is the case with Japan, cannot withstand the final assaults of the free peoples of the earth when their defense becomes a vigorous offense as is now happily the case with us.

In this gigantic and unprecedented battle, the ancient aorist will be of little value to us now. We need every device the mechanic mind can apply, so that we may first ensure total victory.

We normally expect that those who are the exemplars and expressions of the first ideals of Phi Beta Kappa would, more than the average, be interested in the pattern of things to come. What that pattern will be is not now revealed to us. Other elements than armed conflict conspire to keep the pattern from appearing. The unresolved debate between merely "technology" and "humanities" as to the coming mastery of the world and of man is

but a part of the tale. There will be, even in victory, clashes of political ideologies, economic rivalries, varying theories of government of the defeated, differing ideals of justice at home and abroad; all of them fundamental problems of human relationship which no test-tube analysis in any laboratory can solve, no microscope can determine, which are not of the world of the mechanic and scientific, and which cannot be encompassed by any machine, or introduced into the soul of men or into his social practices by anything devised by any physicist or engineer. These are and will always be in the province of the spirit. They are the proper functions of those philosophically trained in the tradition of mankind as expressed and recorded in the humanities.

Victory first! But after victory—what? The millions of young men now taken from their accustomed places and from their peace-time careers will have much to say about it. What they want, they will get. Let us trust that they will desire a speedy return to peace—not merely the comforts of life freed from the dangers and deprivations of military life in hostile lands, but a world-wide acceptance of human rights, a rule of justice and freedom for all peoples.

In this, the liberally educated man and woman will *perforce* become the leaders. Technological training, scientific research, and improved knowledge of and mastery over natural forces can and should devise and operate the machinery of our complex world, by which we produce, move about, and carry on all human contacts of communication. But these things are not devised to carry to their proper flowering the ideals of liberty, justice, and freedom. The true soil of them is in the studies of the humanities, of history, of literature, of philosophy, and their allied fields. So, the present prospect of the depletion of the Arts Colleges need not—nay, it must not—mean their extinction or long eclipse as the centers of light and learning.

Let us heed the recent exhortation of

Mr. Wendell Willkie that the neglect of the books here in enlightened America would be as fatally destructive to our traditions and ideals as the burning of books by the Nazi barbarians.

Our students have gone or are going to war. It is a very highly scientifically mechanized war. In that mechanization lies their hope of preserving their lives, and our hope of our ultimate and total victory. Our colleges as institutions are going to war, one by one, as they become training centers for highly specialized groups of men and women. More and more the colleges are being so utilized, and less and less are young men available to us for the traditional training of the general college course. The final picture of complete utilization cannot as yet be pieced together. The longer the war, the more complete the change-over, and the less the chance for the return of a large percentage of college students to their pre-war planned educational careers.

But, some day the war will be over. What of that evanescent abstraction called "qualities of leadership" then, in the face of practically demonstrated experience gained in combat? We cannot expect that the returned veterans of combat will immediately call upon the new generation of young college boys, having no such trial by fire, to remake the world for them. They will do it themselves, and without delay. What they determine to do, and what they will do will naturally have an immediate effect. In the long view, the view of a generation or a century, we venture that the dominance of the mechanical or technical, without the reflectively digested knowledge of human history, literature, and philosophy, will only guarantee a continuance under a different flag of the "scientific" Nazification of society attempted so brutally by Hitler. The free man must have the training of the free mind, or freedom disappears from his society. Hence the eternally enduring values of general cultural education beneath and beyond the technical and

the specialized. Reaction in that direction had already begun before the war forced a sudden reversal of attitude. The expectation then—and it must once again be true after victory—was that a doctor, a laboratory scientist, a technically trained man, just as a lawyer, a theologian, or a statesman, should first of all be educated in general cultural backgrounds.

I am reminded of a comment made on a renowned scientist by George William Russell (AE). The great Irish mystic and poet dismissed him in a phrase, "He is not really intelligent for his mind embraces little outside his profession," he said; and then concluded, "A candle does not shine light only in one direction."

I cannot imagine that a civilization whose roots are such as ours will permit anything approaching an annihilation of general cultural values in leadership training. And the backbone of that general education must still be what it has been from the beginning of our nation—the free man with the free mind, whose thinking includes "the best that has been said and thought in the world" in the centuries man has been speculating, recording the life and experiences of himself and his neighbors, dreaming of Utopias which he might construct, contemplating what is justice and how it may be secured, expressing in various ways his conceptions of freedom and of the oneness of man and the supernal. Poet, sociologist, dramatist, economic theorist, musician, historian, theologian—these and others are the men who cannot live by the machine alone. In so far as the spirit that animates them and the intellectual experiences which they go through are shared by the men who make and direct the machinery our civilization continues to demand, there will be, to just that extent, a solution of the conflict of the diverse elements; and modern humanism will adopt rather than reject what the laboratory and machine-shop have invented and perfected. Then the complete man, a man of liberal culture plus scientific knowledge, will rule the ways of the world.

If he cannot rule the spirit of the machine, he cannot control its actions; and the better parts of human spirit—the abstractions and ideals for which he has to this very day been willing to die, will have been lost. And the last state of that man or that nation shall be worse than the first, and cultural liberal studies, the basis of the free spirit, will have gone the funereal way of the second aorist.

We hesitate to contemplate a society under such a condition. The *Brave New World* fantastically drawn in Huxley's novel of that name, fell to pieces by the unexpected intrusion into a mechanized test-tube society of an atavistic echo of a poet's words and the breaking out of the long-suppressed emotion of romantic love which generations of selective test-tube breeding had not been able to exterminate from a human soul.

So, if I plead for anything in this disturbed time, it is the preservation of the ideal of the liberal tradition, to be the partner, not the rival of technological or highly specialized training. Though necessarily held in present abeyance, it cannot vanish. It is *in* the soul of our civilization; it rules the soul; it *is* that soul.

Symbolically, the steam-engine has a great contribution to make to the spirit of our forthcoming leadership; but, by the same token, so has the philosophical abstraction, though too often mistaken for the whole symbol of the humane education.

Only in harmony can a victory be established over the dark forces which would destroy our spiritual heritage and our intellectual tradition. Whether such a harmony can be arrived at, only that generation will know which records our next century of failure or victory. If the ideals of society can catch up to its machines, all will be well. If either lags too far behind, or outruns too far the other's pace, we will not have achieved as we might have, and our grandchildren will in fact be none the better for either the steam-engine or the poet. Then all the words

ever said by any Phi Beta Kappa essayist or orator from the beginning will be meaningless, and another Dark Age will be upon us, differing from the earlier one only by the rattle and empty clatter of a mechanical but soulless civilization.

Philosophia Bion Kubernetes! Whose hand will be upon the helm?

Feb. 25, 1943

Chestertown, Maryland

Hiram In The Moonlight

(Continued from page 16)

Ma, send old Hiram away. He wouldn't bitch my boss for me last night. He said I oughtn't to go riding. . . . She went back into the yard. She pulled the shawl tighter. There were lightning bugs showing tonight. Pa's old pipe always made lights in the night air. And the smoke from it and the smell of it were better than . . .

What do you see down the road, daughter? See that young sprout coming? . . . Which one, Pa?

That's right. I forget my daughter courts double these days. . . .

Clemson might not be in his law office tonight even if he was back from New Orleans. He might be home listening to his graphonola. He might have set up an office in New Orleans.

Hiram ought to be coming back soon. He shouldn't be out when the June bugs were flying on an August night. And the crickets were singing in the oaks and the brush grass.

"Hiram! Hiram!"

Her Ma had told her so many things she had forgotten because it was easier than remembering. Things like running down the road with her long skirt, letting the young man from River Bend kiss her when he hadn't even asked her yet, playing with Clem when he was kind to her.

Ma's gone, Clem. What'll I do?

Come sit over here at the foot of this tree with me. . . . There in the garden was

the big fan-shaped tree with the wrought iron love seat under it.

Hiram drank too much last night, Clem, when Ma. . . . Ma's gone, Clem. Ain't nobody to tell me what to do now.

Marry me, Alma. . . .

I can't leave Pa now. . . .

Is that the only reason, Alma? Is it?

Won't say yes. Cain't say no. . . .

This River Bend man, Alma. He don't love you like I do.

Hush, Clem. . . .

He's playing with you.

Hush, I say.

You're so beautiful with the moonlight on you. Sit a little closer to me. Put your head on my shoulder. . . . If Hiram didn't bring the candles from town, they could have tea in the dark. She could heat the water some way.

Clem wouldn't see her then in the red shawl. He would come when Hiram gave him the note she had written on a piece of sack left from the last time they had groceries.

This old bogged feeling would go when they came again. She would get up and dance for Clem and they would eat so much that she would fill up her dress more. The trees were so shaky tonight. They leaned at her, and the whole series of the world of old cars were passing on the road.

They wouldn't blow their horns. They passed, silently. . . . *Alma, here's a rose for yo' black hair. . . .*

"Hiram, is that you in the road? Hiram. . . ." There they were, countless darkies singing as they passed. *I'm going away tomorrow, Alma. . . .*

Away, Clem? . . .

To New Orleans. Go with me, Alma.

When you coming back? . . .

Maybe never. . . . Marry me. I love you. . . .

I can't leave Pa. . . .

Ain't Pa, is it, Alma? How stacato the voices sounded. Old voices she remembered all drowning her at once. . . . And the old, young voice that fit the hollows

of her own belly. . . . *Cain't say yes. . . . Cain't say. . . .*

Come again, Hiram. Let her see the old figure drooping down the road. Call to him and he will hear. . . . Call to him. . . . "Hiram, the tea's on the stove ready for a match to light the fire and a candle to see by."

The sky ought to steady itself soon of the lightning that flared close to her. She knew Pa was behind her, but when she turned her head, there was no one.

"Light the candle now, Hiram, in the road so I can see you. . . ." *When's the young man from River Bend going to ask you, daughter. . . .*

Any day now, Pa.

Better be sure since Clem's gone. . . .

I'm sure, Pa. . . .

Heard from Clem? . . .

Just this shawl, Pa. Red, embroidered. Young man better ask you soon. . . .

Pa, Hiram wouldn't hitch a boss for him last night. Pa, Hiram ain't loyal. . . .

"Is that you in the road, Hiram? You ain't bent no more. . . ." *Alma, Hiram says there was a wedding in River Bend last night and your young man. . . .*

I don't believe it's true, Pa. It's all Hiram's fault. He ain't loyal. It ain't true.

If Hiram would come back, he could take her in the house. The night was distant across the road. It was beginning to pale, and her legs were somewhere far away. She couldn't find them. They were out in the road waiting for Hiram. She must call.

"Hiram, I been waiting years on you. Hurry yourself with the tea. And go get the silver. He's with you, Hiram, ain't he? He's come back to me."

There were the mourners filing past her. There she was. Clem's coming past for the funeral, ain't he? Ain't he?

Bury Pa in the garden, Hiram. Then you can go away forever. Pa wouldn't send you away. But I will. . . . Go away now. . . .

"HIRAM!"

Explosion Of The Bookstore Myth After Fourteen Years Proves

The Deacon Is A Nice Man

By Phyllis Kirkpatrick

Fourteen years is a long time. It's a long time to punch a cash register and put bottles back into cases and fill ice cream cones. It's a long time to scrimp and save to make ends meet. It's a long time to be the complained-of, talked-about Deacon of a college bookstore.

It's a long time, but Claude M. Reaves has been taking the complaints since 1929 now, and yet still manages to say, "Aw, they're a nice bunch of kids, and I enjoy working with them. I wouldn't like to change jobs." That's what 14 years of coke swizzling, token-lacking students can do to a man.

Hilltoppers have actually been complaining about the bookstore ever since it was established. When it was upstairs by the cafeteria, they fussed. When the Student Activities Building burned, they complained about the temporary shack, "Yeilding Hall," that served as bookstore. When they drank sodas and munched crackers in the now-panelled confines of the Greensboro Room, they were unhappy. And they stayed unhappy when the college built a special addition to the Student Activities Building to serve as a super-duper bookstore. It's almost a Southern tradition, this complaint against the bookstore. It's as much a part of the school as the iris or all the steps in Munger or the stuffed owls in the biology lab. It's Hilltop tradition.

Always a large share of the complaints have been directed against Deacon Reaves, king-president-dictator-manager of the bookstore since 1929. Deacon (so inexplicably and inevitably christened when he entered Southern as a freshman in 1926) is really a nice man. He nearly always has time for a bull session with talkative students, even though his hands are full of innumerable jobs for the college.

Deacon's various jobs have accrued with the passing years. The students wanted books first of all. Then they wanted a soda fountain. Finally, they wanted all kinds of sundries—stationery, make-up, and sweaters from sizes 32 to 44. Deacon provides it all. On the side he runs the postoffice and buys all the food for the cafeteria. Now he has the army food to handle, and has to make countless trips to the air base. But Deacon is always ready to talk.

However, there's one subject the Deacon steers clear of. He'll discuss the war with you, or taxes, or the Army. He'll worry about Roosevelt and argue over the show at the Alabama. Deacon will converse with you about almost anything.

But he won't talk about why the bookstore charges 3c for ice in a paper cup. Or why they won't let you walk out with bottles. Or why he'll give you only 25c on a \$2.50 book you bought. Deacon says he hesitates to give out answers and excuses lest he spoil the bookstore-hating tradition. He's afraid he'll spoil our fun. So Deacon won't talk.

Unless you make him.

Which is what we did.

The Deacon says there's really nothing to complain about. He has an explanation for all the hardships that make the bookstore Public Topic No. 1 on the campus.

Take the matter of the price of books, for instance. Deacon, really, can't do a thing about it. It seems there is some sort of national scale of book prices, all printed nicely in a little list for Deacon to read, mark, learn, and make students pay. Each publishing company, says Mr. Reeves, has to make it worthwhile for a man to spend his life writing about educational psychology. You can't teach future teachers about cursive writing on an empty stomach with holes in your shoes. Or at least, that's what Deacon says. So college students, who're the only ones who have to learn about educational psychology anyway, must feed the men who write about it. Every time, it's the students who pay, and pay through the nose for books that are not good for much except as ballast for their notebooks, or night-before-quiz perusal; and then must be relegated to the family bookshelf as dust catchers.

Unless they want to sell their old textbooks to the bookstore. But here again there is unhappiness in store. For the highest price offered for unused second-hand books is half price; and usually the 50% is reduced to 10% by the appraisers behind the bookstore counter.

But Deacon says you're lucky to get even half price. Most colleges don't pay nearly so much, according to Deacon. It's risky, this business of buying second-hand books. First, the bookstore never knows whether educational psychology will be offered next quarter. Second, the bookstore never knows whether the same textbook will be used for the course if it is offered. Third, the bookstore never knows how many students will want to buy those textbooks if the same books are used if the course is taught. And fourth, the bookstore never knows how many students will want to buy second-hand books when they can buy new textbooks if the same books are used if the course is taught. The bookstore, honestly, never knows. Take a look some day at the stack of books that has collected in the back room of the bookstore. It is appalling the number of second-hand books people don't buy.

And anyway, says Deacon, 25¢ is better than nothing for a book you'll never want again anyway. Whoever read an educational psychology textbook after he finished the course? And isn't, says Deacon, a little cash better than a lot of dust? The Deacon, you will note, is logical. And practical. That's why he is a good bookstore manager.

Deacon puts signs up all over the bookstore, big signs, saying "Please do not carry bottles or glasses outside." And Deacon means it. The reason is simple. The bottle, says Deacon, costs more than the stuff inside it. Every time one of those bottles gets lost, strayed, or stolen the bookstore has to pay for it. And the profit the bookstore makes on the stuff inside isn't enough to pay for the bottle.

One interesting fact Deacon related was that one spoon and one dish for serving ice cream cost the bookstore thirty cents (\$.30). The profit on a dime dish of ice cream is three cents (\$.03). Marvelously deducting, Deacon finds that if a student loses the thirty cents' (\$.30) worth of dish, the bookstore's three cents' (\$.03) worth of profit is pretty well eaten up. The highest record for losses in one day has so far been eight ice cream dishes and 36 glasses. So that's the reason for the big signs all over the place. Now do you see?

If you think dishes and glasses and bottles are expensive, then take a look at the furniture you loll on all day long. Those booths and tables and three-cornered chairs are parts of a vicious circle. People come to the bookstore to buy sundaes. They pay 15 cents for vanilla ice cream with chocolate sauce and no cherry on top. They sit in the booths. They carve their initials on them. They burn holes in them. They wear them out as they eat their sundaes. And soon the sundaes have to be raised to 20¢ to help pay for the booths that people wear out while they eat sundaes. It goes on and on.

This may seem very clear, but just wait. Ask an economics major to explain how,

since there is a limited demand in a small store, the store has to buy in small lots, and can't get the discounts that stores that buy in large quantities can, so the small number of students have to pay big prices. If there were a large number of students, they could pay little prices. The bookstore has to make ends meet somehow.

The Deacon says the bookstore really doesn't get all the credit it deserves. Because cigarettes are sold behind the counter, national tobacco companies advertise in college publications. Because soft drinks are to be had, bottling companies write large checks for college money-raising drives. But nobody ever stops to thank the bookstore. Everybody keeps right on cussing.

The profits made by the bookstore, says Deacon, are practically nonexistent. But the very unfabulous riches that are not spent for actual bookstore expenses

are used to keep the library stocked with all the current periodicals to which it subscribes. This is, so far as we can tell, a sort of secret between Deacon and the library. But secrets will out.

The explosion of the bookstore myth probably won't do any good. Deacon realizes that. Complaint is ingrained into Hilltop students. A thousand explanations from Deacon or anybody else couldn't get it out.

And it's funny, but in a way, the Deacon doesn't want people to stop complaining. He's sort of used to it. He doesn't even mind any more. In fact, secretly, he'd miss it if students stopped fussing. Deacon, you see, loves the Hilltop, too. And the best manifestation of his love is through keeping the bookstore a tradition on the campus. Traditions, says Deacon, must not be destroyed. If we know the Deacon, they won't be.

The Boats At Millford

(Continued from page 10)

For me this was the most romantic part about Withybush and the grounds because there was the very essence of antiquity about it. I loved the ancient worn stones, smooth and moldy and covered with dark moss. The graveyard was very cool and crowded with old trees. The dates on the stones were older than the trees for some of them went back to 1500 when the manor had been a castle. Many of the farmers about said among themselves that the graves were really three deep and that the oldest ones were as old as England. Gwil loved to think that Llewellyn was buried there, or some other Welsh chieftain.

So I sat there, gazing at the bridle path and at the oaks above, whose new leaves all but hid the sky. The stones of the bridge were very cool. There were inscriptions in Latin carved on one of them and the date 1803. I leaned my back

against the bridge and waited for Eric and Gwil. The forest was still, yet there was always music in my ears when I sat under the old bridge in the forest of Withybush. I was never lonely.

They found me soon. It was the thing to do to look everywhere they knew I wouldn't be, so that when at last they found me, the triumph would then be greater. This time they were impatient and came to me quickly, shouting joyously and dragging me to the top of the bridge. Eric and I went on over the bridge but Gwil insisted on wading the stream because he loved to get his boots wet. We watched him skipping from rock to rock below and with the immense trees above him he looked like a tiny wooden toy. We walked to Withybush to eat our lunch. The halls were kept locked, but we were glad. We were not ones for ghost hunting.

The walls of Withybush were like the wall that surrounded the ground: gray, and bleak with years. There were only a few windows visible among the tangled

masses of ivy and other vines that clung there, covering them almost completely. Leading to the large oaken doors there was a flight of stone steps with narrow rises littered with the leaves of many autumns. They formed an impressive backdrop for our banquet of leek sandwiches and carrots, chips with mint sauce wrapped in the *Daily Mail*, and this time, by virtue of Caleb's incurable wiliness, a bottle of Guinness.

We milorded and toasted each other gleefully. Eric and Gwil made great speeches in honor of everything, addressing them to the trees, who were the court. The King of England was in chains at the foot of Owen Glendower who sat on Eric's right, and a Scottish lord who had befriended Gwil's northern forces was co-guest of honor with me. Since I had been rescued, Eric and Gwil and I were no longer Robin Hoods and this was no longer Sherwood Forest; we were in Withybush; we were a potpourri of all great Welshmen. We loved our acting because we loved our characters. And above all: we loved our stage.

* * *

What was why last night when Mother told Gwil the news about Withybush, he, a grown man and a soldier, wept. She gave the news quietly as we sat about the fire in the kitchen and was speaking of something else immediately, looking up and pointing to the new thatch which the Davies boy had tied down last week.

"There, lad, isn't that a fine job now?" And when she looked around for an answer from Gwil, he only looked to the fire. It reflected on his face and I could see the tears falling from closed eyes. Mother has never known what the forest meant to Gwil and to Eric and to me. She never knew the dreams we dreamed at Withybush. She didn't try to comfort Gwil; Mother was never one for that. But I did, for I knew his hurt.

I can't see how he found courage to go out this morning from the gate here to help them unload the materials from

America. Now, with the boats at Milford, they'll be starting work out at Withybush in a very short time.

"The largest airdrome in England, my dear!" That's what they told me in town. There will be swarms of workers with saws and axes all dwarfed by the giant trees; but not for long, for the oaks will be down and then the elms and the others. The oaks, the elms that have heard the speech of kings, those hemlocks that have shaded for years the people of Withybush; the willows, the maple and the thorn, hazel and ash, birch and poplar: the trees will be down with the brambles, and the greenwood all untangled. The paths will be concrete and the manor house gone; our palace, a hangar; the old bridge, a power house, if the stream still moves. All the antique paths and bush will be freshly sowed and kept. The cemetery will have another deck upon the deep-laid graves. There will be no music in my ears in a few short months—only a low steady hum and then, suddenly, a great roar.

Still, I must go for a walk tomorrow—over in the Forest of Withybush—for the oaks will be down with the brambles soon and the greenwood all untangled.

The Root Of Evil

(Continued from page 14)

were supposed to have on the German people? Did Lessing write his great emancipatory drama, *Nathan the Wise*, to be mocked at in the anti-Semitic outburst of Hitlerian Germany? Did Schiller write his *Robbers*, expressing his conviction in the freedom of mind and conscience, only to be laughed at by German university students 150 years afterwards? Can you say that the Germans of today are the direct descendants of those giants of thought who could rise above their national boundaries in proclaiming liberty and the brotherhood of nations?

These men are dead in Germany; they are dead, not only because their books are

burned and lectures on their works are prohibited at German universities. They are dead also because the German people of today have renounced these traditions and scoffed at their value. Freedom in the German mind of today only means the freedom of Germany to rule other nations. Tolerance is a characteristic of the weak, in their opinion, something that is not worthy of a great, strong people. This is not only Hitler speaking; this is the German nation.

True, there are exceptions—men like Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Lion Feuchtwanger; but were they not forced to leave Germany, forced by a Hitler, and this cannot be overemphasized, who acted in accordance with the will of the German people? They were men who, unlike other German intellectuals, believed that it was their duty to express their views publicly, to stand up and defend them before the masses, and that is why they failed.

Those ideas of liberty and brotherhood were not meant for the masses; they only represent the men who expressed them in

their writings and maybe a small group who still adhere to those ideas inside Germany. Those ideas may be called German, but only by virtue of the fact that one German wrote them and not because many Germans believe in them.

I realize that the picture that I present of Germany is none too bright, at least as far as the world is concerned. I don't believe by driving out that bad boy Hitler, Germany will be good again. It will take more, much more, than that. A people cannot be reformed by substituting one type of government for another one, for it is reform, thorough-going reform, that must be achieved within the German people before we can talk about peace.

Do I believe that a whole nation can be changed? Yes, I do. I believe that it can be done if we will only have the vision to discover the very root of evil, and the patience necessary to exterminate that evil. Then, I believe, Germany will once again turn its genius to the advancement of civilization and the progress of all mankind.





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